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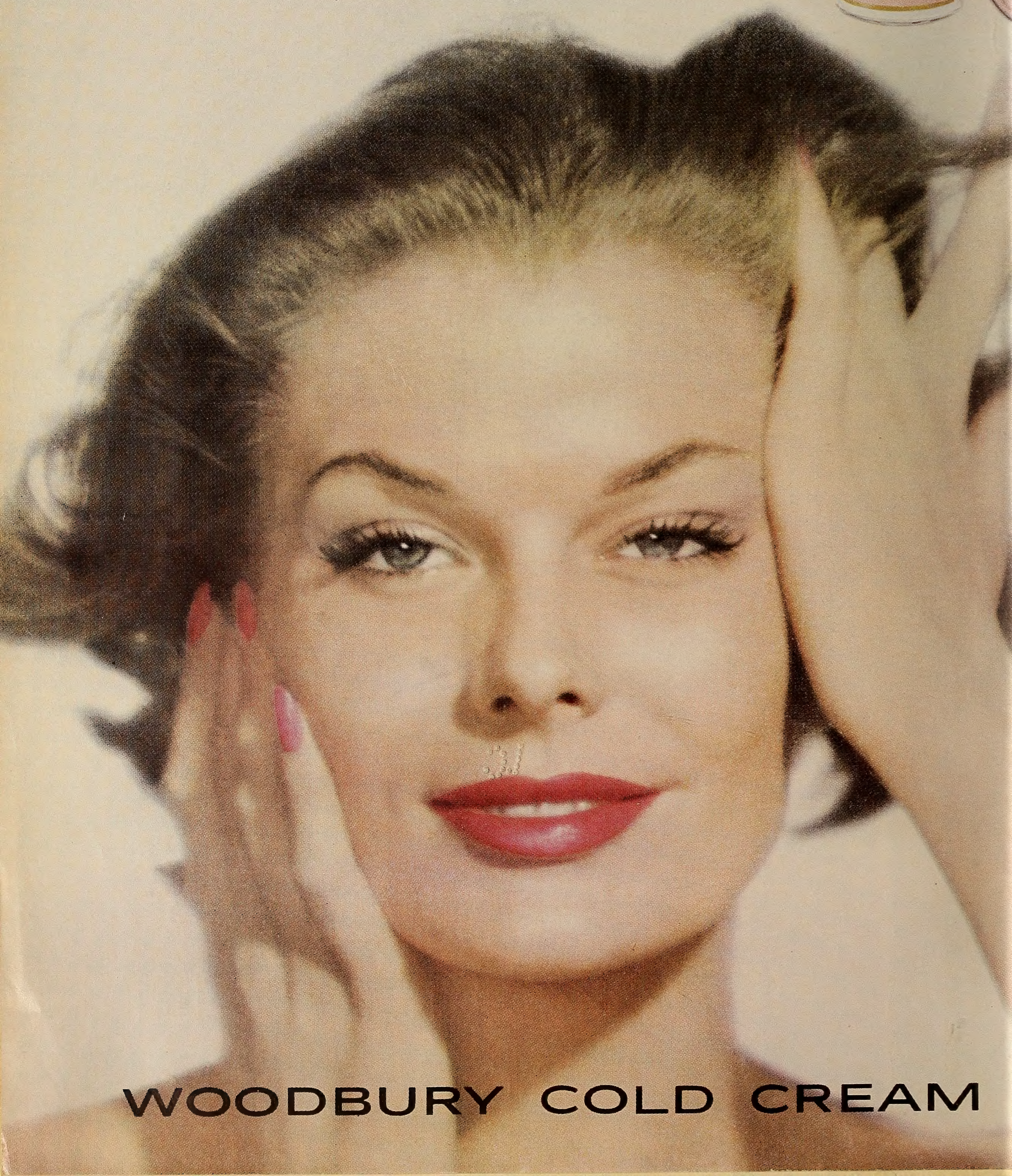
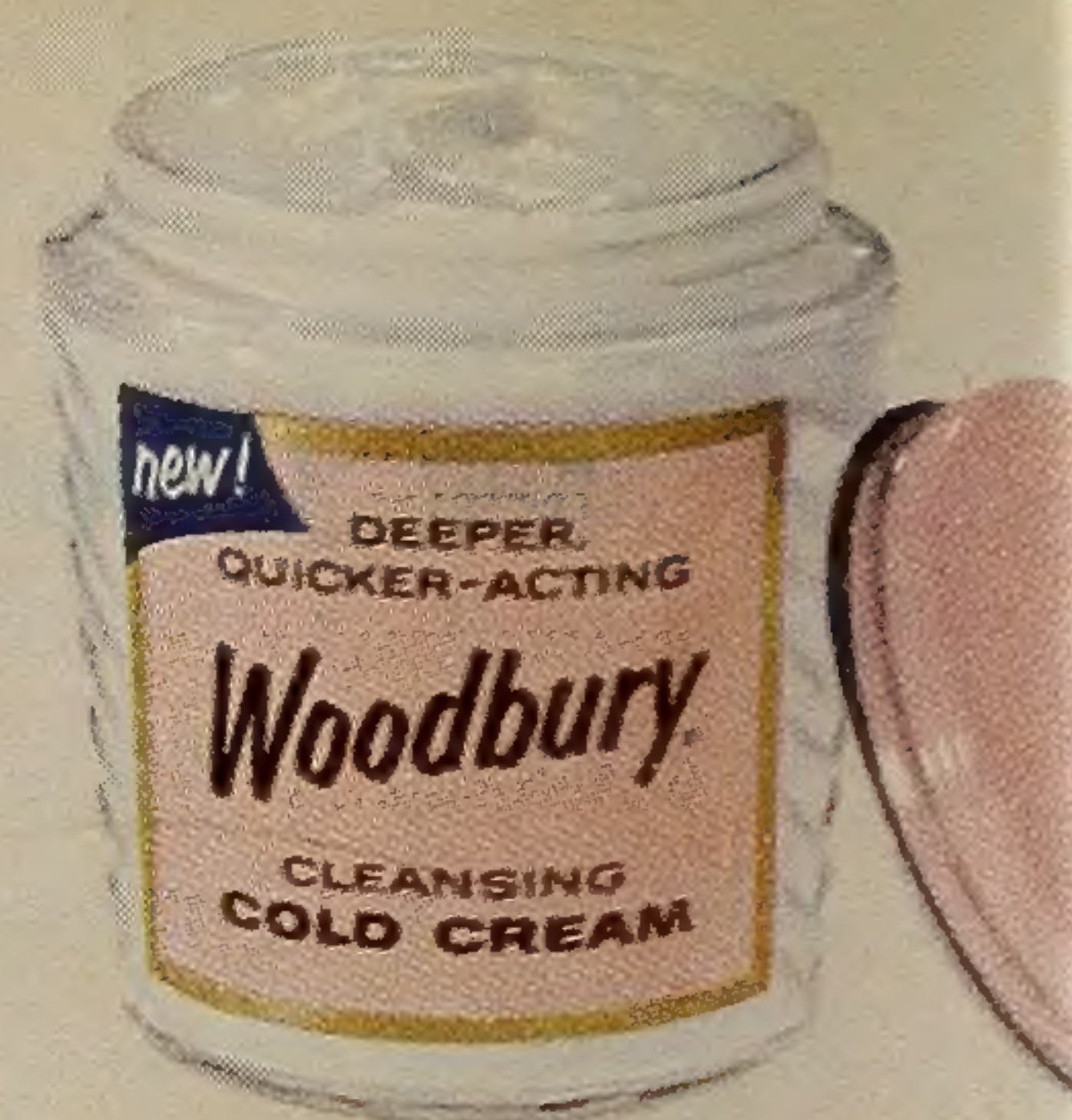
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co-starring

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TUCKER**

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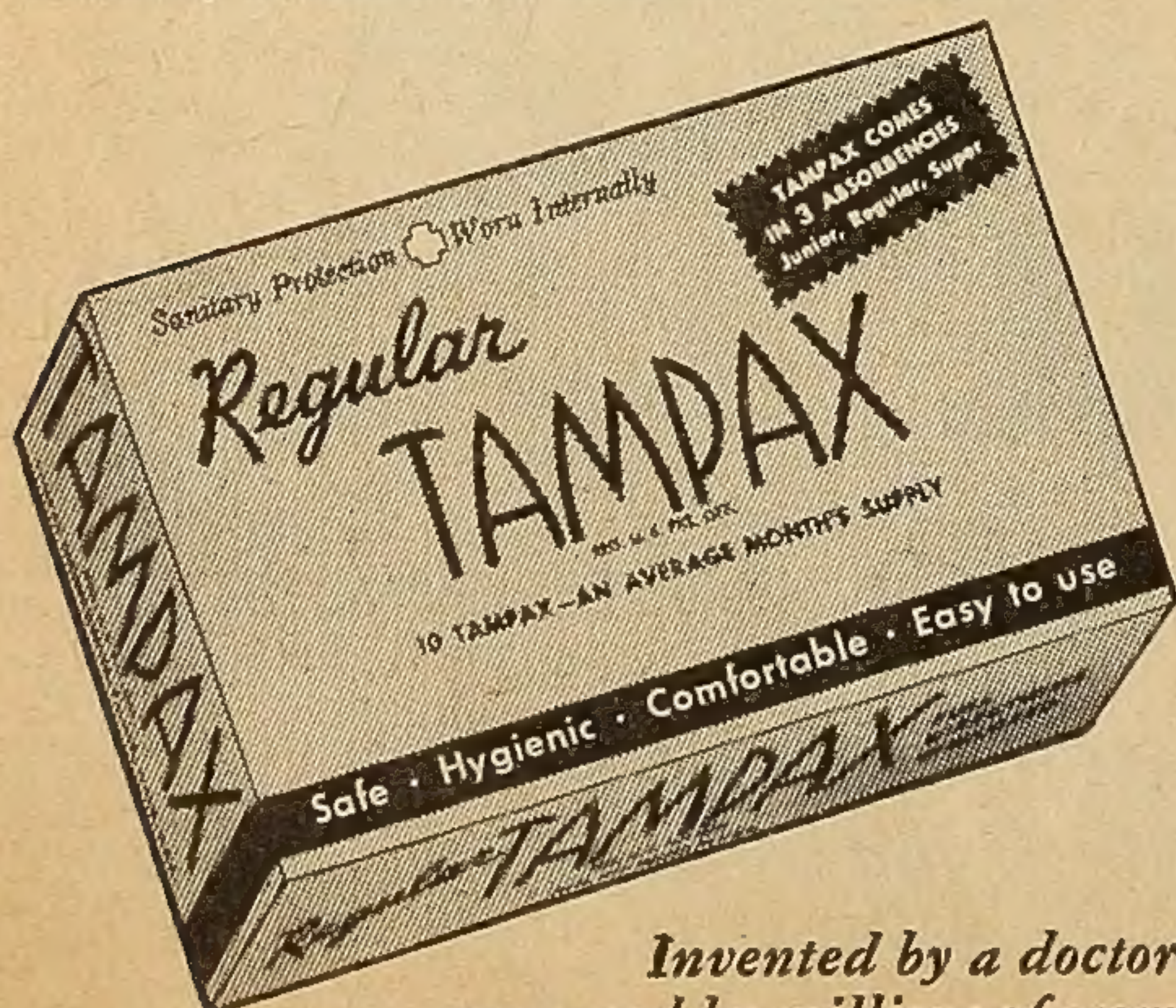
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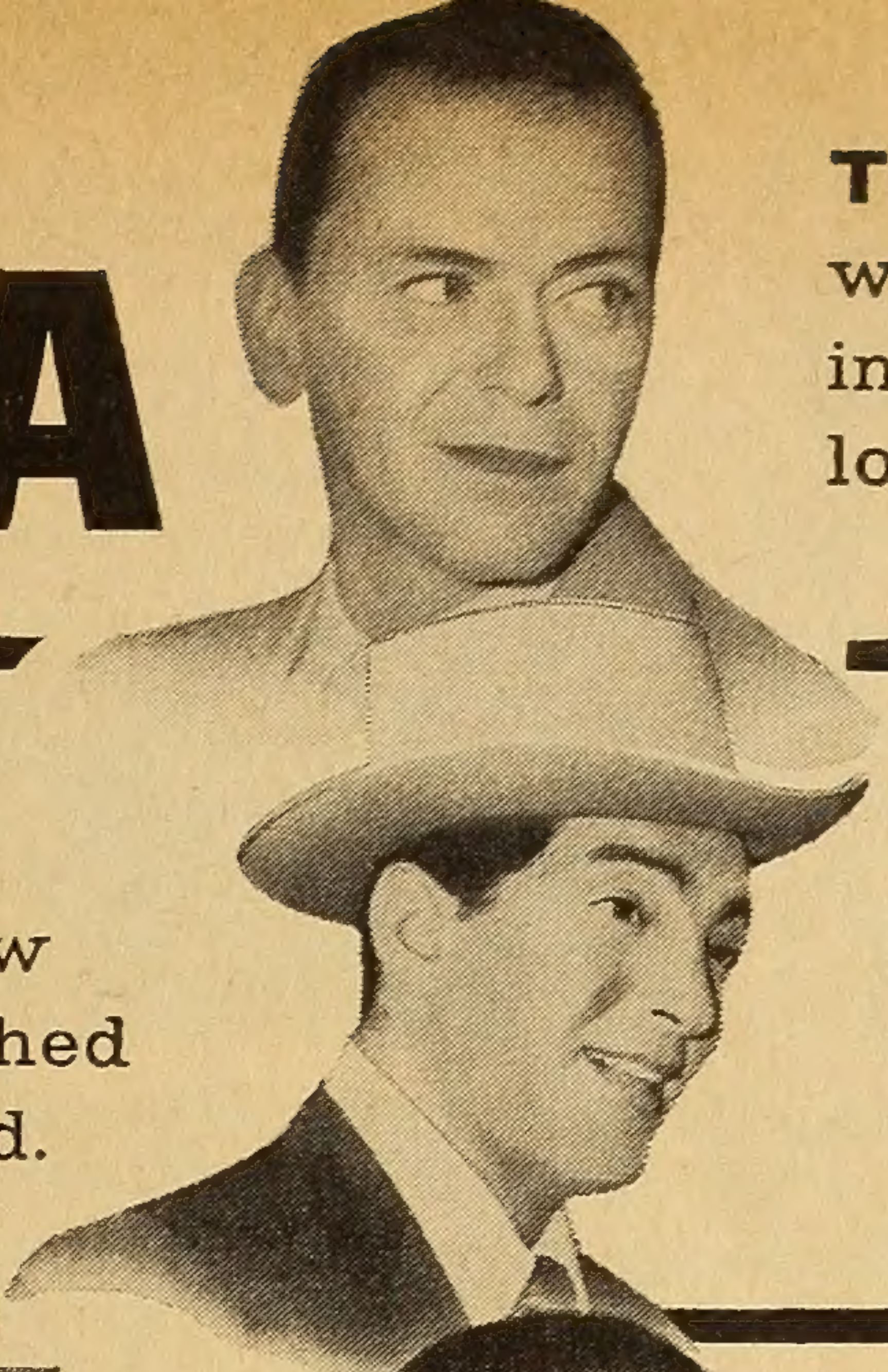
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FRANK SINATRA



THIS IS DAVE

who met life with his hands
in his pockets and an angry
look in his eyes.

THIS IS BAMA
who knew the game and knew
the odds but sometimes pushed
his luck too hard.

DEAN MARTIN

SHIRLEY Mac LAIN



THIS IS GINNY

whom men always liked
but never in the right way
and never enough.

*M-G-M PRESENTS
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...SOME CAME RUNNING"

*BY JAMES JONES, THE AUTHOR OF
"FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"*

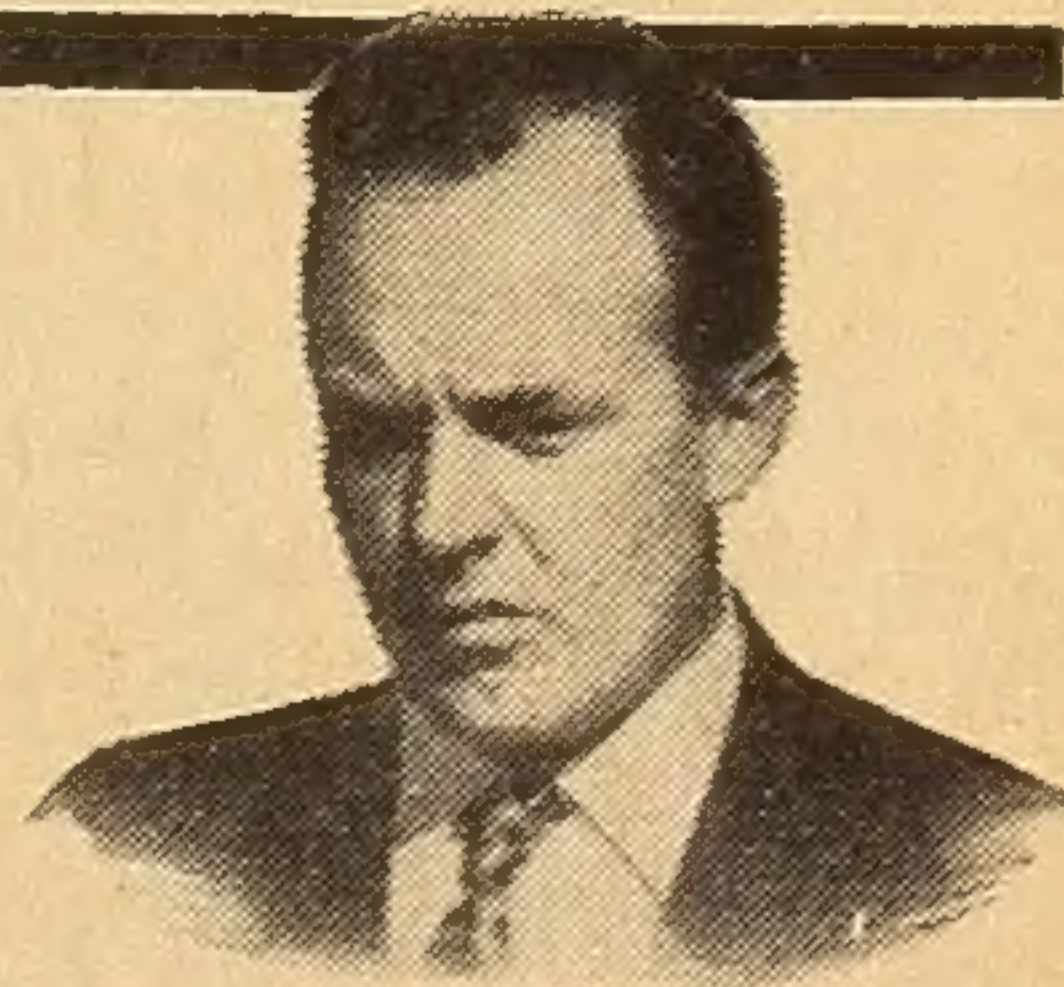


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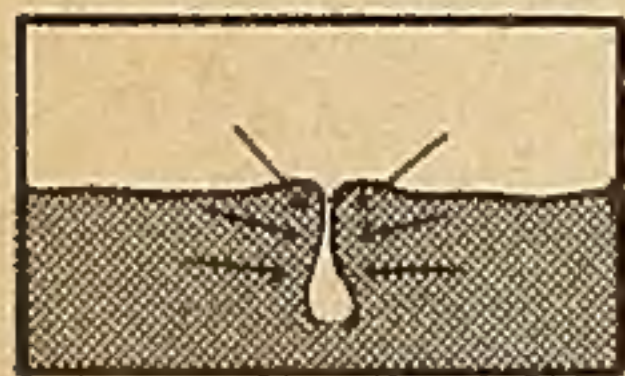
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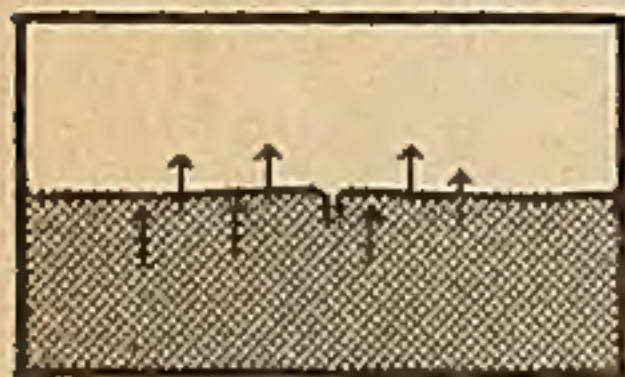
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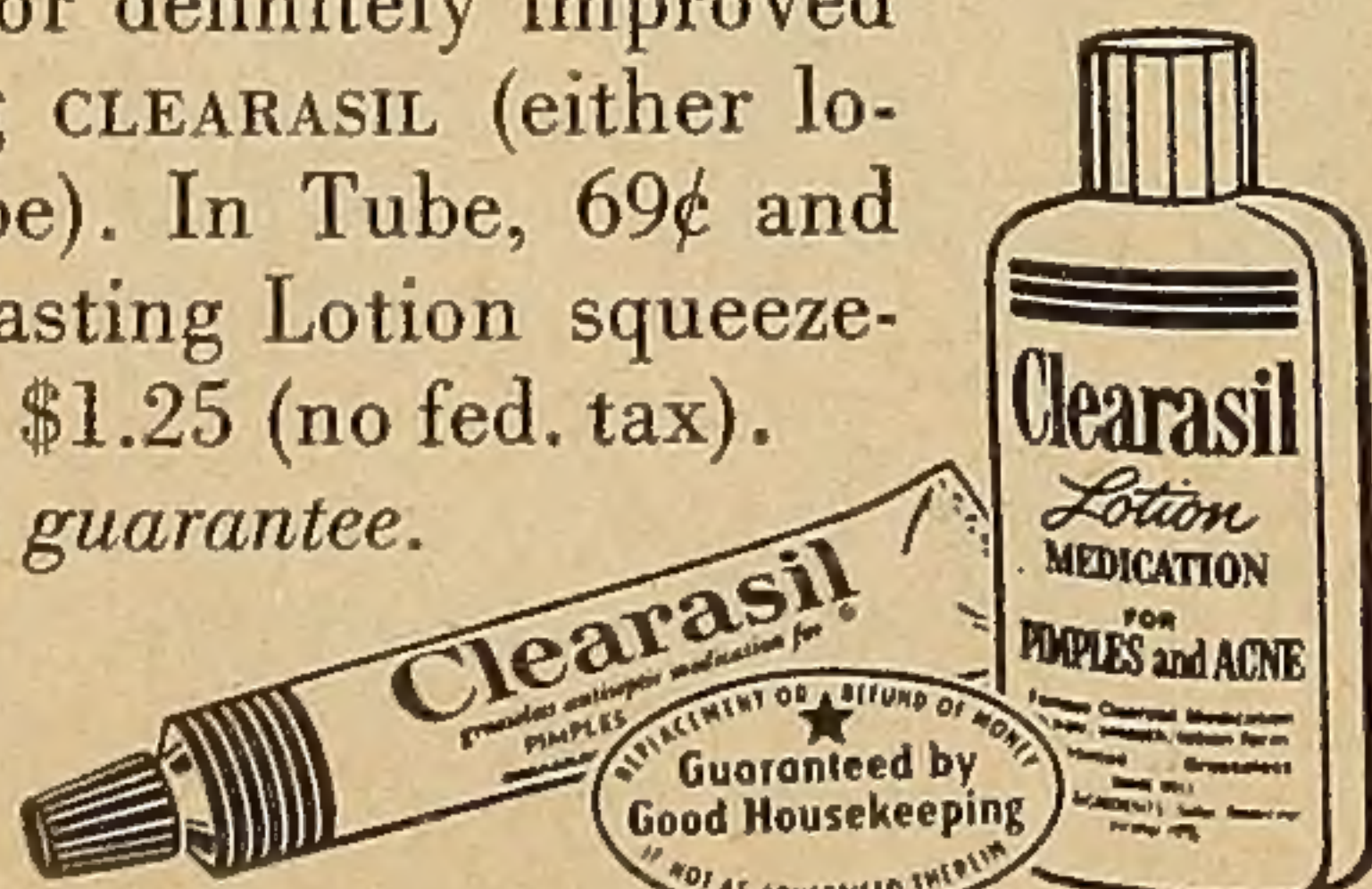


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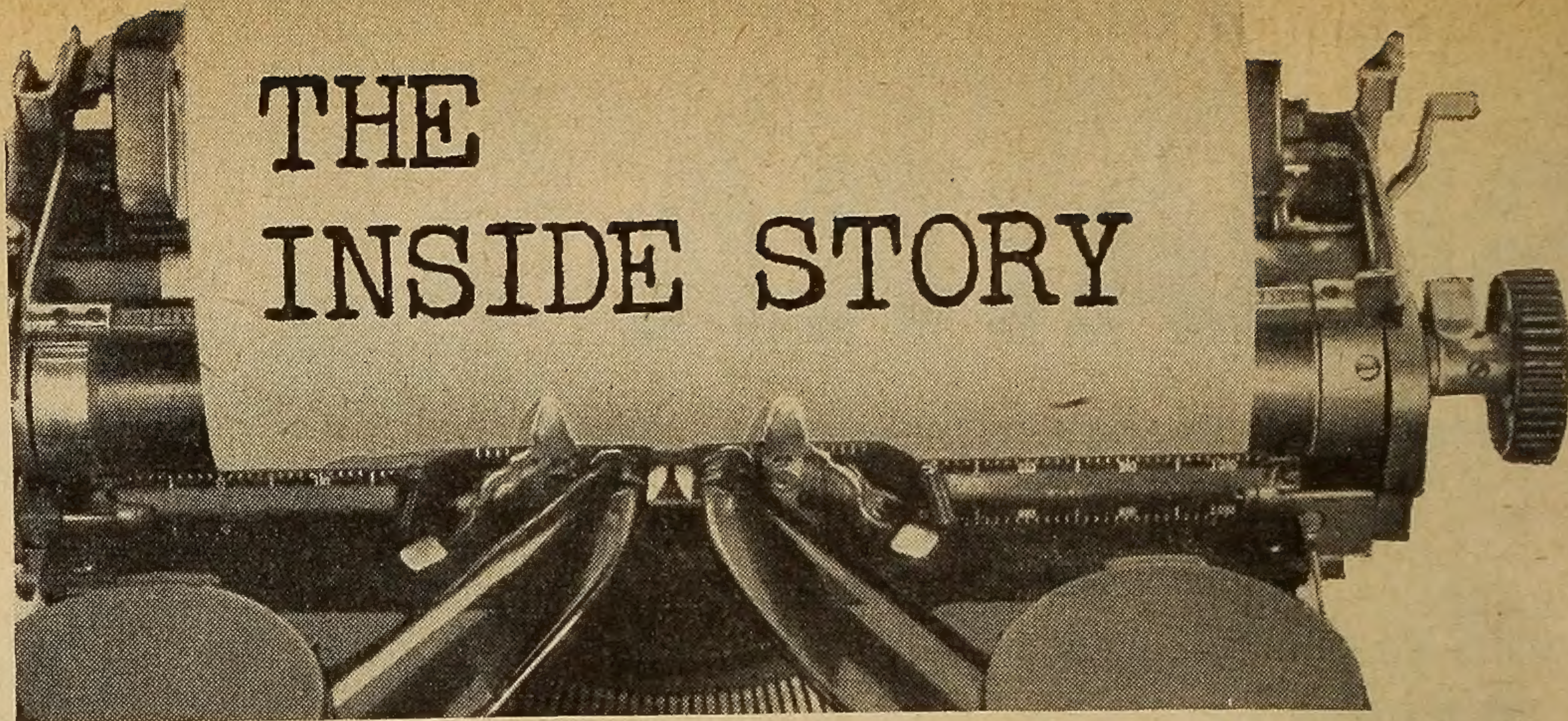
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Q Does **Elvis Presley** really prefer German *frauleins* to American girls?

—L.D., SAN JOSE, CALIF.

A Only so long as he is stationed in Germany.

Q Are **Nick Adams** and **Kathy Nolan** on or off? I keep reading different versions.

—J.M., CRISTAL, S.D.

A On and off—daily.

Q Are **Venetia Stevenson** and her mother **Anna Lee** still not talking to each other?

—J.G., BROOKLINE, MASS.

A No. They have made up.

Q Is it true that **Barrie Chase** divorced her husband when **Fred Astaire** first showed interest in her; and weren't Fred and Barrie going steady long before he decided she'd make a suitable tv dance partner? Will they wed?

—B.F., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A Barrie received her divorce before she met Fred. But the twenty-four-year-old former chorus girl and the fifty-eight-year-old star did do a lot of stepping out before he trained her for his show. Their age difference has Fred wary of making it a permanent act.

Q Who was **Pier Angeli's** first love? **Natalie Wood's**?

—N.A., BOSTON, MASS.

A **Kirk Douglas**—for both.

Q Anything behind those rumors that **Liz** turned to **Eddie** when she found out about Arthur Loew's torrid romance with singer **Eartha Kitt**?

—F.M., BALDWIN, L.I.

A Liz knew Arthur and Eartha had broken up long before she started dating him.

Q Can you tell me what kind of formula most movie stars use when they pose for pictures in a bath full of bubbles?

—K.C., MICHIGAMME, MICH.

A Tide.

Q Why does **Montgomery Clift** go for older women like **Libby Holman** and **Myrna Loy**?

—S.S., NEWARK, N.J.

A A noted psychiatrist says Monty is looking for a mother.

Q What are the chances of **Guy Madison** and **James Arness** going back to their wives?

—B.L., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A Good for Guy, bad for Jim.

Q From all that I have read, it appears to me that **Ozzie Nelson** is violently jealous of **Ricky's** success and for that reason is holding him back from appearing for loads of money on such shows as Ed Sullivan's, Perry Como's, etc. Am I right?

—P.F., KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A Although Ozzie Nelson never enjoyed either the idolatry or fame his youngest son does, he's as proud of him as a father can be. But he feels that with movies, recordings, and their weekly filmed show, Ricky is working hard enough. However, Ozzie is not preventing him from accepting any assignments—just advising.

Q Why doesn't MODERN SCREEN do a story about Ex-Wives Anonymous—that club formed by the first **Mrs. Kirk Douglas**, the first **Mrs. Gregory Peck**, the first **Mrs. Ernest Borgnine** and **Nancy Sinatra**?

—R.T.M., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A No such club exists.

Q Is there a chance of a reconciliation between **Diane Varsi** and **Dennis Hopper**, now that Diane finally divorced her husband?

—S.M., LEWISTON, IDAHO

A A very slim one.

Q Has **Debbie Reynolds** got her next husband already picked out? Is that why she didn't fight a divorce?

—B.R., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

A No.

Q Is **Liberace** married or is he still living at home with his mother?

—N.H., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A "Lee (as his mother calls him) lives in Palm Springs most of the time," said Mrs. Liberace recently. But they both denied reports that they are not speaking. He visits her occasionally at her large home in Los Angeles.

Q Has **Kim Novak** got a private pact with her secret love never to marry so long as it is impossible for them to marry each other?

—F.K., ATLANTA, GA.

A No. But both prefer being single for the time being.

Q You wrote that **Tony Perkins** went to professional school for acting. Well, I heard that he also attended Rollins College in Florida.

—S.K., ORLANDO, FLA.

A Thanks to all the Rollins people who wrote to us, we discovered that Tony did attend Rollins College for a while.

A Pair of Golden Slippers for a Night of Love!

WHEN a provocative, dark-eyed café girl named Titine offered herself to him for a pair of golden slippers, Prosper Villac was no man to refuse — even if he was in love with beautiful, sophisticated Victorine La-Branche. And when Titine was found murdered — wearing the telltale slippers — it looked as though Victorine's well-ordered world had come to an

end. For the crime unloosed passions and suspicions that raced like wildfire through the Louisiana town and threatened not only the life of her inconstant lover but also her own! *Victorine* is Frances Parkinson Keyes' newest and most exciting novel. It is one of the best-sellers you may choose in this unprecedented 4-for-99¢ offer to new members of the Dollar Book Club!

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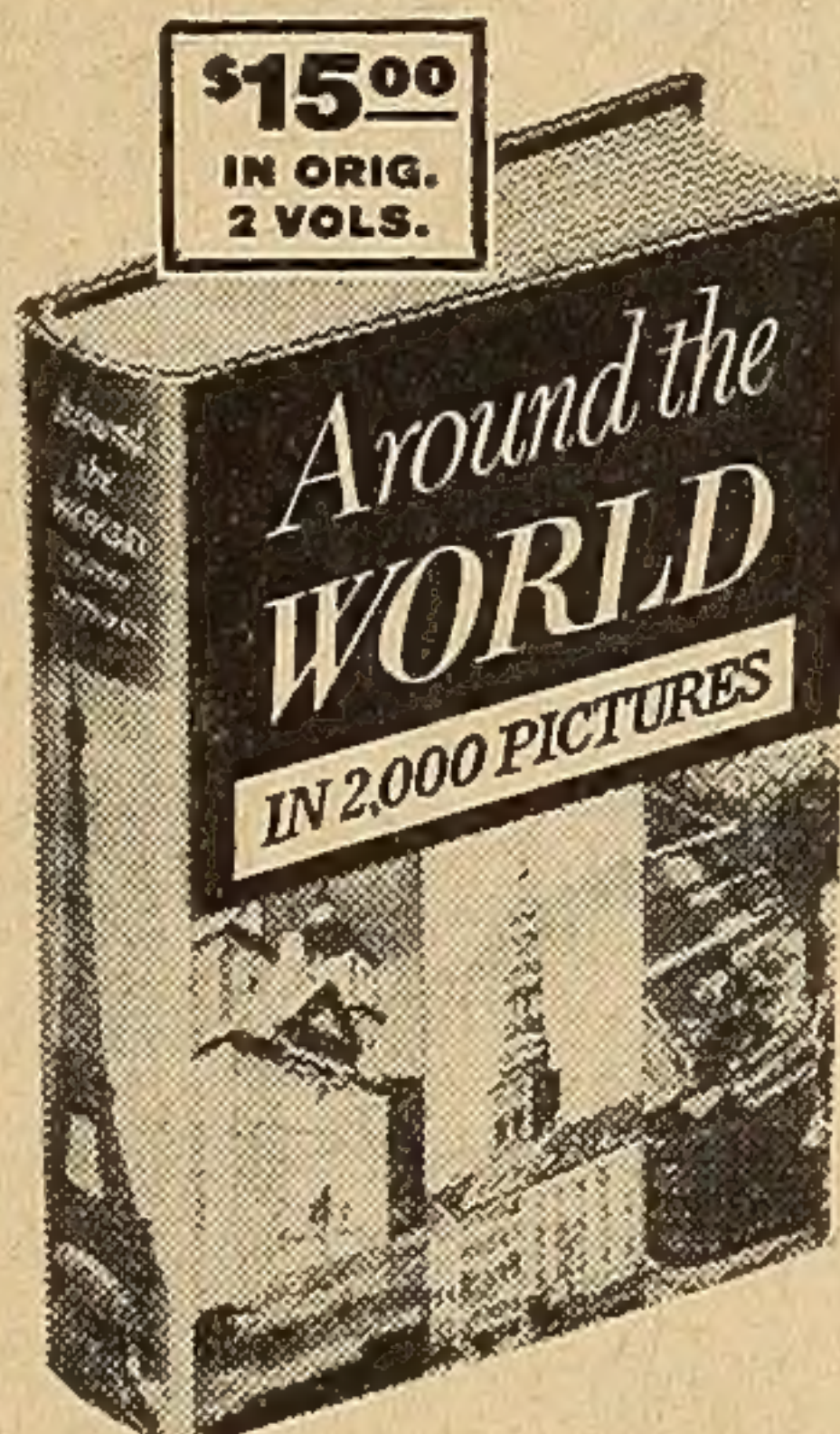
VICTORINE — Frances Parkinson Keyes. (See above)

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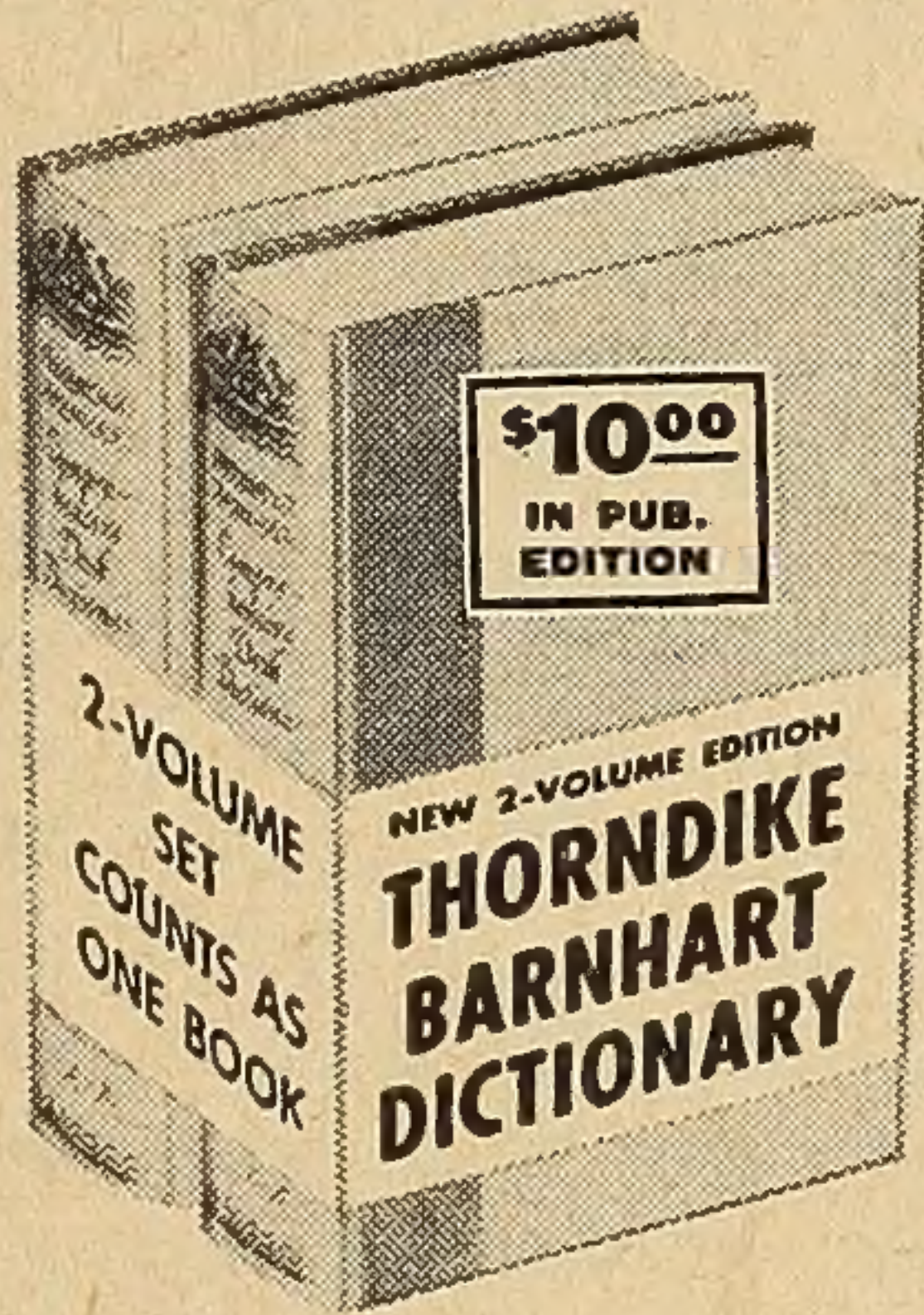
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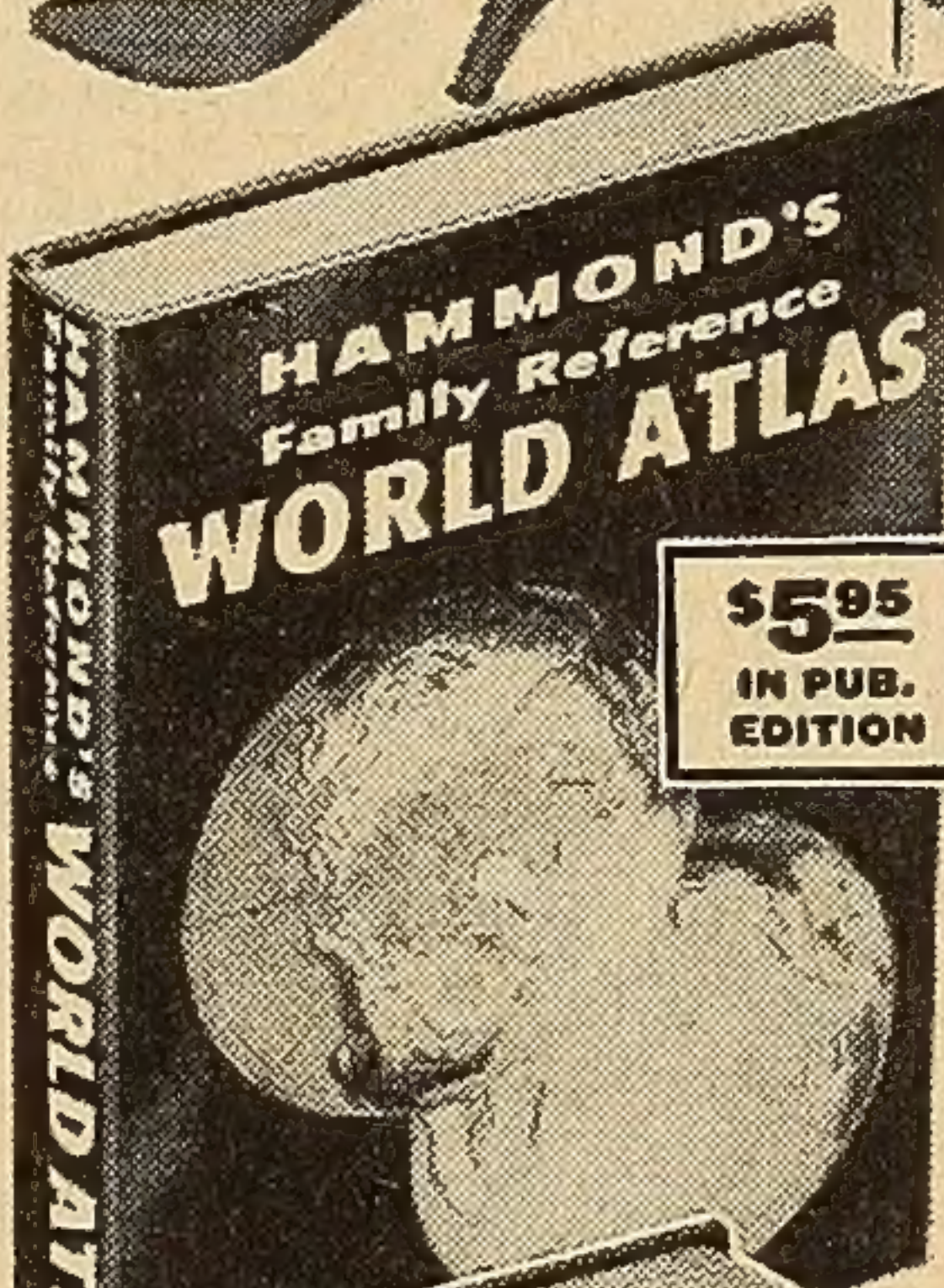
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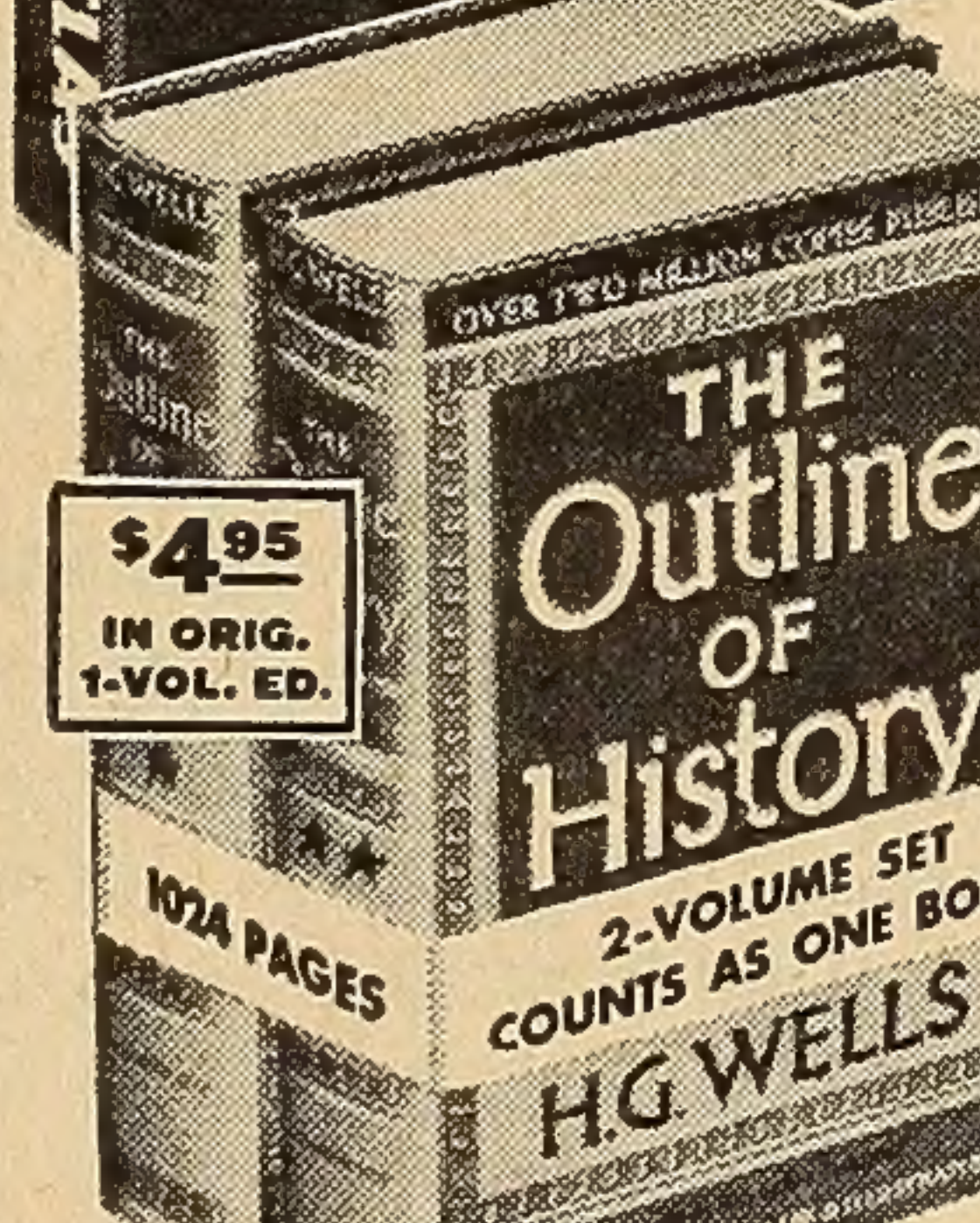
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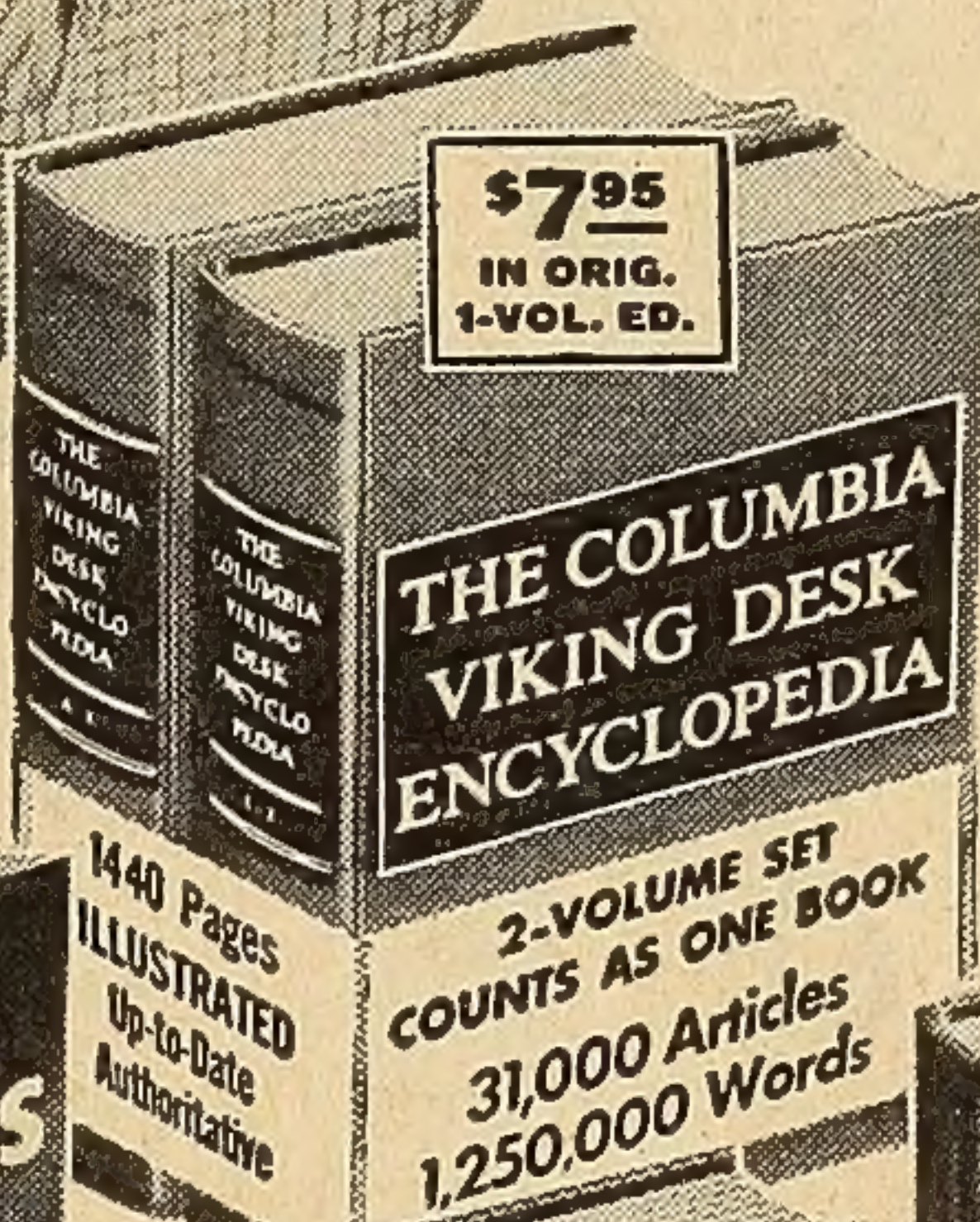
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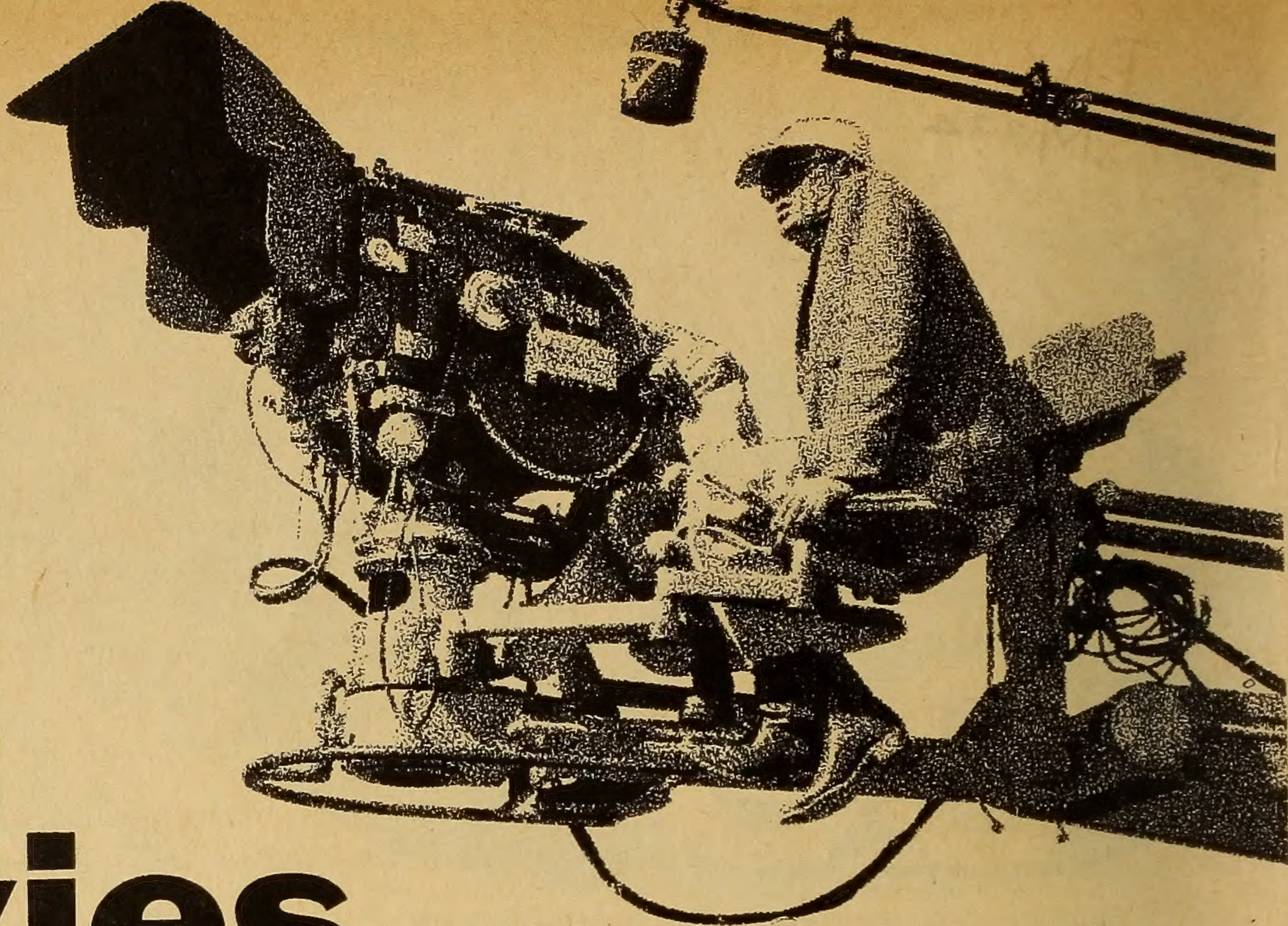
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new movies

by *florence epstein*

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE

James Stewart
Kim Novak
Jack Lemmon
Ernie Kovacs
Hermione Gingold

a witch's tale

■ When you fall in love with a witch you're in trouble. Witches can't love back; they can't even cry. But who believes in witches? Not the sophisticated publisher, James Stewart, who's engaged to sophisticated Janice Rule. Here it is Christmas and Kim Novak tells her Siamese cat she wants something different. Next thing you know, James pokes his head in her door (she owns a shop full of eerie primitive art) to use the phone. He lives upstairs but *his* phone was hexed by another witch—Kim's aunt, Elsa Lanchester. A few hours later James drags Janice over to a club called the Zodiac. It's a favorite witch's hang-out where male witch Jack Lemmon (Kim's brother) plays the drums. In short order James jilts Janice and, loving the trance he's in, proposes to Kim. On the scene is a bewildered best-selling author, Ernie Kovacs, who'd been in Mexico until he'd gotten a sudden, peculiar urge to be in New York. Kim had

summoned him just as a little favor to Stewart. Now that he's here he gets the urge to collaborate with Lemmon on a book about witches. Kim doesn't want to be exposed as a witch and says she'll put a hex on the book. You do, says Lemmon, and I'll put a hex on your romance. So Kim confesses all to James who, once he believes her, is furious. He's not about to marry a witch! Still—Kim's no ordinary witch; and the movie itself has a delightfully magical air.—TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA.

THE PERFECT FURLOUGH

fun in Paris

Tony Curtis
Janet Leigh
Keenan Wynn
Linda Crystal
Elaine Stritch

■ Corporal Tony Curtis wins the draw for a 'perfect furlough' contest. The idea is for him to make merry with movie star Linda Crystal for three weeks in Paris while an army photographer takes pictures to pep up the falling morale of the boys stationed in the Arctic. The trouble with Tony is he makes merry too fast; also, he's too fast—even for Linda Crys-

tal. WAC psychologist Janet Leigh who's chaperoning him on the tour—along with Linda's wise-cracking secretary, Elaine Stritch, and Major King Donovan—decides the only thing to do is to put an MP guard on Tony except when he's posing for official pictures. The MPs can't stop him. Before the three weeks are over Tony's accused of being the father of two future children (Janet's and Linda's). The Army and Linda's boss, Keenan Wynn, are quite shook up. So's Tony. For that matter—so are the girls. It's funny.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

THE HORSE'S MOUTH

genius at work

Alec Guinness
Kay Walsh
Renee Houston
Mike Morgan
Robert Coote

■ The memory of a genius is usually easier to take than the actual living presence; the actual living presence of Alec Guinness who lives to paint—and will live in your flat if you let him get a foot in the door, and will even paint the door if it is big enough and white enough—is impossible! When Guinness is not in jail or working in his leaky houseboat he is on the phone badgering millionaire Ernest Thesiger for money. Thesiger, with the help of Guinness' ex-wife, Renee Houston, possesses most of Guinness' work. One lucky day Guinness is admitted to the elegant flat of Lord and Lady Beeder who dabble in art. Their interest in Guinness quickly turns to panic at his hilarious and wild behavior. They make the mistake of taking a six-week holiday and leaving an empty white wall behind them. In no time their priceless furniture and *objets d'art* have been hauled off to the pawnshop to pay for oil paints and the wall becomes a giant mural, covered with brilliantly colored feet. Guinness has an old acquaintance who is a sculptor. He moves in, also. (Continued on page 10)



Kim conjures up some spirits; where there's a witch...there's always a way.

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SKILL ALONE with winners selected on the basis of their point scores...not on the whim of judges. Send in your Free Entry Coupon today and within 14 days we will mail to you personally the High Score for this puzzle! QUICK enough? FAIR enough? FUN enough? Don't delay—Act today! Think of the CASH that might be yours!

HOW TO SOLVE THIS OFFICIAL PUZZLE

1. First identify the object shown below.
2. Enter the name of this object somewhere in the puzzle frame.
3. Then select other words from the Official Word list to complete a solution to this puzzle. Three words must read across and three words must read down. Each of the letters used is worth a certain number of points as determined from the Table of Official Letter Values. Add up the Letter Values for the nine letters used and you've got a Total Score for this Official Puzzle. The idea is to get the highest score possible.



TOTAL SCORE _____

OFFICIAL WORD LIST

ABB	BEG	DUN	NET
ACE	BIS	DUO	ORA
ADD	BOO	EAT	ORE
ADZ	DEN	EGO	PUP
AGE	DID	ERA	SEA
ALA	DIE	GET	TEA
ALB	DIG	HUM	TON
ATE	DOE	ICE	TOO
BAT	DOG	JUS	ZOO
BED	DUG	LOO	

OFFICIAL LETTER VALUES

A — 10	N — 10
B — 10	O — 10
C — 5	P — 5
D — 10	Q — 0
E — 10	R — 10
F — 7	S — 2
G — 10	T — 10
H — 9	U — 8
I — 3	V — 7
J — 1	W — 5
K — 8	X — 4
L — 10	Y — 2
M — 6	Z — 10

EASY RULES

1. **ENTRY COUPON.** Send in your solution on one of the Free Entry Coupons below. 3 words must read Across and 3 words must read Down. One of the words used must be the identity of the object illustrated in the Official Puzzle. Each of the 9 letters used is worth a certain number of points—add them up and you've got your score. That's right—add the values for the 9 letters—but **add them only once as shown in the sample!** The 6 words must be from the Word List—the Letter Values are listed beside the Word List. Use no word more than once.

2. **PRIZES.** The highest scoring contestants, in accordance with the official rules, will win the prizes, which will be awarded in order of relative scoring rank.

3. **WHO MAY NOT ENTER.** This contest is closed to employees, agents, relatives and others connected with this contest, including anyone who has won over \$500 in a single puzzle contest before entering this contest.

4. **TIES.** Ties are to be expected, in which event, tied-for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Such tied contestants will compete in as many additional free puzzles as required to break ties, but not to exceed nine more, after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tiebreakers will be more difficult and values may also be given for combinations of letters, and the puzzles may be made up of more than one frame each. Tie-breaker puzzles will be required to be solved and judged only if ties still exist after judging of preceding puzzles. No payments or purchases of any kind will be required with tiebreaking submissions to compete for the \$1,500 1st Prize and the other basic prizes listed in the headline, including the Bonus Prize. At least 3 days will be allowed for the solution of each mailed tiebreaker. If necessary, tied contestants may be required to do one or more tie-breaking puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a 2-6 hour period per tiebreaker. The right is reserved to make such further rules as deemed necessary for proper functioning of contest and to assure fair and equal opportunity to all contestants, and all contestants agree to be bound by same.

5. **DATES.** Entries must be postmarked not later than July 4, 1959. Everyone in the family may enter—but only one entry per person. Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Original and tie-breaker solutions NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!** You may draw by hand a copy of the Free Entry Coupon and use it to enter. The right is reserved to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. No submissions will be returned and no responsibility is assumed for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Judges' decisions final. Prize money on deposit in bank. Full list of winners available to all contestants as soon as final judging is completed. **HIGH SCORE FOR THIS PUZZLE WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN 14 DAYS OF DATE ENTRY IS RECEIVED.**

SAMPLE SOLUTION

Here is a Sample Puzzle which shows you how to get a score of 70. This is not a very good solution as it is easily possible to get a higher score. Now try the Official Puzzle at left.

				10
B	A	T		10
10	10	10		3
I	C	E		5
3	5	10		10
				2
S	E	A		10
2	10	10		10
TOTAL SCORE				70

MOLLE Brushless SHAVE CREAM

For the world's smoothest, most
comfortable shave

- Heavier, richer cream loaded with lanolin
- Leaves your face refreshed
- Gives you a shave that lasts all day!



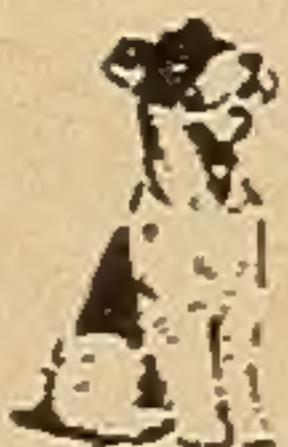
NOW AVAILABLE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

YOU ENTER ON ONE COUPON—LET A FRIEND OR RELATIVE ENTER ON THE OTHER

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON

(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)



1. My Name.....
2. My Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

3. ☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MY TOTAL SCORE _____

MAIL TO: QUICKIE CONTEST

Box 430, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

5

✓ Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON

(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)



1. My Name.....
2. My Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

3. ☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MY TOTAL SCORE _____

MAIL TO: QUICKIE CONTEST

Box 430, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

5

✓ Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

Once It Was My Betrayal— but NOW— *MY BODY* *IS MY* *PROUDEST* *POSSESSION!*

by Margaret Holland



THE door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. “Marty . . . Marty . . .” I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking, I realized, numbly—*my Marty*—with whom I had planned our tomorrow—who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we’d buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man’s chair we’d seen at O’Rourke’s downtown. The Marty whom I’d suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

“I’m leaving, Maggie,” he’d said. Unbelieving, I’d heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. “I’m leaving, Maggie—for good. I’m not coming around any more. And I’m sorry for you, for both of us.”

“Sorry? Sorry for me?” I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. “Well, why not? Why not you? Everyone else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not *you* Marty?”

His words had been flat, quiet. “You’ve let yourself go, you’ve given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you’ve taken pills, and gone on diets—even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you’ve stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I’d still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn’t feel sorry for herself, wouldn’t feel she was the only girl who’d ever been cursed by overweight,

wouldn’t snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I’m looking at now.”

I couldn’t talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. “Get out!!” And, then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only greyness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn’t hear the door open minutes later, and I turned, startled, when I heard Ray’s voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: “I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk.”

“I hope he was less beastly than when he left here.”

Ray grinned. “He was quite civilized.” Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. “But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn’t easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important.”

My laugh was as unpleasant as before. “Suffering, indeed. I’ll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he’s been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over—” Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms, I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief. Very quietly, he asked me: “Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?”

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I've exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I've known some girls who have lost weight using them. I've tried simple dieting and have failed at that. I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. Marty knows it, too!" He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That's true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel—or Marty, for that matter—if day after incessant day you'd stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that's how most overweight people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're irritable?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie—all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren't phony. They just aren't enough."

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person won't feel the rumblings of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It's true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don't take into account the most important element of all—the unbearable tension, the irritability, the feeling of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she's faithfully following instructions—or thinks she is. Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland—isn't it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall's drugstore you continued to overeat even though you weren't hungry?"

Understanding broke over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn't hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"You see?" Ray said quickly. "You had to eat when you were taking the pills and weren't hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place—by overeating when you were hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as they drive most people for whom weight becomes a problem."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to my problem?"

"That's just what I'm telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, SLIMTOWN. Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about SLIMTOWN made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was *Antipatin* that lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. . . . The second was *Gastrofilin*—tried and true—the ingredient that fools your stomach—makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. . . . And the third—wonder of wonders—made the job complete and sold me immediately. That was the sensational new ingredient called *Pacifin* and its function is to remove completely the tension, the high-voltage irritability you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that SLIMTOWN would melt off the pounds because the user would not only not feel like overeating—he would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara—she weighs 200 pounds—or at least she did. I told Clara to take the SLIMTOWN I had received—told her to eat all she really wanted to eat and to take SLIMTOWN as directed. Clara pooh-poohed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 23 pounds and had come to my office to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn't have believed it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I

know—young enough to have been in recent contact with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gilt from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

I said: "Let me get this straight. The pills I've been taking haven't helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn't keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And SLIMTOWN will have the calming and soothing effect on me that will let me eat what I want to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That's right."

"And I'll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I really want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will drop off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"And Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back, "SLIMTOWN guarantees Marty, too, I'll bet."

"Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let's get over to your office and get those SLIMTOWNS before they're gone."

"They are gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me and there's Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orikoff and several others who were simply made for SLIMTOWN. But you can buy SLIMTOWN. They cost only \$2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And \$4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. \$6.98 for 30-day supply."

Here's the address: **SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-48**

11 E. 47 Street, New York 17, N.Y.

"They're sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don't do exactly as they say they'll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don't guarantee you'll get Marty back. That's up to you." And with a light kiss on my forehead, Ray left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in return, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn't look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I've arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married then. Okay?"

Just like that. I couldn't find words. I nodded.

He said: "I've found an apartment. You'll love it."

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We'll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That'll take three or four months more."

I finally found my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn't this one rather abrupt?"

The creases around Marty's eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. SLIMTOWN, great stuff."

We've been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. SLIMTOWN's there too, any time I need it.

To the reader of this story: As the creators of SLIMTOWN, we have been pleased to present Margaret Holland's story. Miss Holland's experience is duplicated by thousands of women who have found new happiness through SLIMTOWN—whose lives have been changed by the greatest discovery for overweight people ever developed by medical science! We guarantee that you will lose up to 7 to 10 pounds the very first week without dieting, without exercise, without nervous tension. Never has there been any reducer like SLIMTOWN. You may order by sending \$2.98 for the 10-day supply. \$4.98 for 20-day supply. \$6.98 for 30-day supply.

SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-48

11 E. 47 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If SLIMTOWN does not live up to your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded without question or hesitation.



BECAUSE PERSONAL DAININESS IS SO IMPORTANT...

Choose mild "Lysol." Millions of women know that douching with "Lysol" assures feminine cleanliness. So why settle for less?

It's far more effective than home-style douches, including vinegar. For "Lysol" brand disinfectant stops odor at its source—actually kills odor-causing germs!

And "Lysol" cleanses gently. Won't harm your delicate insides. Leaves you wonderfully fresh and sweet—sure of your personal cleanliness! Why not try "Lysol" soon. Use it regularly!

Now available—
Pine-Scented "Lysol"
as well as Regular.

For free booklet
(mailed in plain envelope) on doctor-approved methods of douching, write to:
"Lysol," Bloomfield,
N.J., Dept. DM-259



Lysol®

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product

Also available in Canada

new movies (Continued from page 6)

When they come home, Lord and Lady Beeder fall through the floor (literally). With the timely death of the Millionaire Thesiger, Guinness becomes famous, but that's only secondary to him. He still remains a dirty old scoundrel who has remarkable dignity because his one desire is to capture truth in paint.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

MARDI GRAS

love for all in New Orleans

Pat Boone
Christine Carere
Tommy Sands
Sheree North
Gary Crosby

■ What do cadets dream about? Graduation and girls. Gary Crosby dreams about dating famous French movie star Christine Carere when the school band is sent to New Orleans during Mardi Gras. Nine hundred classmates finance the date (a buck each) on the theory that they'll live vicariously and will get to dance with her at the graduation ball. This means a lot of things are taken for granted. Namely: Pat Boone, not Gary, is picked (via raffle) to date Christine; Christine's publicity manager, Fred Clark, won't let her see anyone; and Christine herself decides to take a day off as a star and mix with the gay masses in the Mardi Gras. Gary teams up with Sheree North; Tommy Sands with Phi Beta Kappa stripper Barrie Chase; Pat with a little French blonde he meets by accident. Guess who she is! Lots of songs and sweet romance.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

ANNA LUCASTA

when a girl marries . . .

Eartha Kitt
Sammy Davis, Jr.
Rex Ingram
Frederick O'Neal
Henry Scott

■ This Anna doesn't lose any punch—Eartha Kitt's her name and her game is to find happiness. It isn't easy. When her Pop (Rex Ingram) kicked her out of the house for no good reason, she went to San Diego and became a prostitute. Sailor Sammy Davis, Jr., who was a cab-driver in civilian life, loves her but doesn't want to marry her. Suddenly, back in Anna's home, the family is quite put out with Pop for having been so mean to Anna. His husky, bossy son-in-law Frederick O'Neal practically forces Pop to go find Anna and bring her home. Frederick has just learned

that one of Pop's old friends is sending a hayseed son up north with \$4,000 and the need of a wife. Anna comes home where she meets Henry Scott who, along with the four grand, is a handsome college graduate. He further astonishes the family by proposing to her. She's afraid to marry him because of her past—and because of her past, Pop feels compelled to ruin Henry's future. Worst of all, Sammy Davis, Jr., shows up on the wedding day. There's humor, sadness and plenty of good acting here.—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE SILENT ENEMY

adventure underwater

Dawn Addams
Laurence Harvey
John Clements
Michael Craig
Sidney James

■ Submarines have their purpose but frogmen are cheaper. All they have to do is put on their fins and their oxygen masks and dive underwater where they can easily attach explosives to a ship's hull. This is what was happening in 1941 to British ships in the port of Gibraltar. In order to save their fleet, the British sent courageous Lieutenant Crabb (Lawrence Harvey) to discover where the frogmen kept themselves hidden—and then to destroy their operations. Harvey and his small crew of frogmen pull mines off the bottoms of ships, fight underwater with a flotilla of Italian frogmen and finally—in the nick of time—prevent an all-out attack on a large British convoy destined for the invasion of North Africa. The fact that Lieutenant Crabb was an actual person—and that this movie is based on a book about him—lends even more excitement to a film that would be full of it anyway.—U-I.

THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER

one man's family

Clifton Webb
Dorothy McGuire
Charles Coburn
Judith Evelyn
Jill St. John

■ A man who believes in Darwin's theory of evolution, horseless carriages, female secretaries, face rouge, and children-that-can-be-heard-as-well-as-seen is not a man to be swayed by public opinion. Such a man is Clifton Webb. The most remarkable thing about him is that not only is he father of seventeen children, but also he has been for many years husband to two wives. He's kept up his households. And he remembers the names and mannerisms (Continued on page 12)



Eartha Kitt and Sammy Davis, Jr., have lots of laughs together in ANNA LUCASTA. That is, until Eartha reconsiders and decides to marry another man.

#1 Hilarity Best-Seller
for 52 Weeks!
#1 Howl on the Screen
with the **#1** Cast of
the year!

PAUL
NEWMAN
JOANNE
WOODWARD
JOAN
COLLINS
JACK
CARSON



20
Century-Fox
presents

LEO McCAREY'S

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!

CINEMASCOPE
COLOR by DE LUXE

Produced and Directed by
LEO McCAREY

Screenplay by
CLAUDE BINYON
LEO McCAREY

FROM THE NOVEL BY MAX SHULMAN

New medicated acne stick nips pimples in the "bud"



Acts fast to stop pimples from
"blooming" and spreading...conceals and
helps heal pimples in all stages

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big, ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind of medication that acts *fast* to heal and dry blemishes in their *bud* stage—or *any* stage. It's Sentor—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps *heal* as it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does *more* to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains

this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—so *fast*—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No tell-tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new *greaseless* formula is so effective and so *safe*. Try Sentor Medicated Acne Stick—you'll be so glad you did.

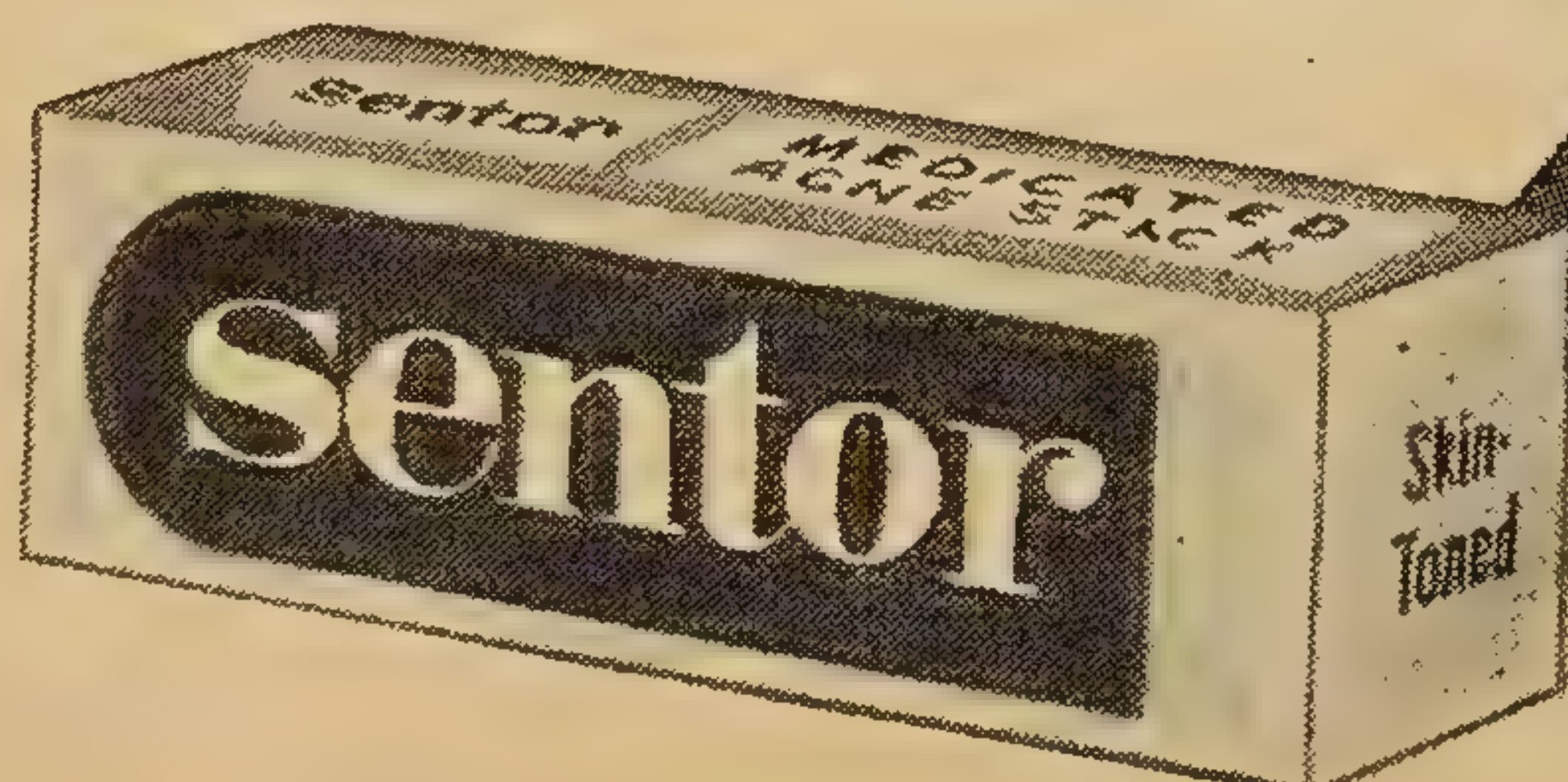
HOW SENTOR ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES... TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING...EVEN SCARRING

1. Melts blemishes away—penetrates to dissolve "sick" pimple tissue.
2. Dries up pustules—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.
3. Helps prevent scarring—helps heal tissue *a safe new way*—before

permanent scarring or pitting begins.

4. Combats re-infection—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.

SKIN-TONED—CONCEALS WHILE
IT HELPS HEAL!



ONLY
\$1.50
NO FED. TAX

Also available in Canada

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.

(Continued from page 10) of all seventeen children, and shuttles monthly from house to house. Then his oldest daughter, Jill St. John, becomes engaged, and Webb, who is in Philadelphia, is needed in Harrisburg. One of those nine other children follows him right into Dorothy McGuire's parlor. But even that embarrassing moment doesn't take the wind out of Webb's natty sails!—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

A QUESTION OF ADULTERY

Julie London
Anthony Steel
Basil Sydney
Anton Diffring
Andrew Cruickshank

is this baby legal?

Is artificial insemination immoral? That's the question this movie raises. Julie London, ex-singer, is married to British heir Anthony Steel who races cars and is insanely jealous. Julie thinks a baby will solve everything. When she has a miscarriage because of a nasty auto accident (Steel was driving when she slapped his face) she thinks artificial insemination will solve everything. Pouty as usual, Steel goes along to a clinic in Switzerland to lend moral support. Out skiing one day, Julie's caught in a blizzard and rescued by a handsome hermit (Anton Diffring). That's enough for Steel, who sues for divorce. *What do you mean—artificial insemination?* his lawyer asks, pointing a finger at Anton Diffring. Well, there you have it—almost.—NATIONAL TELEFILM ASSOCIATES.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW PLAYING:

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS (20th-Fox): Ingrid Bergman, a poor servant girl, saves her pennies and buys a one-way ticket to China where she wants to work as a missionary. Ingrid becomes indispensable to two men—Robert Donat, the Mandarin, and Curt Jurgens, a Eurasian officer in the Chinese army. Ingrid loves her work as completely as she loves the people of China. A beautiful setting and a tender story.

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE (MGM): Doris Day and Richard Widmark want to have a child very badly but they can't. So they appeal to an adoption agency. Lovely Gia Scala turns up to investigate them and finds Widmark with a bottle—not a baby bottle—in his hand. Gia's not impressed. And Doris is angry. So Widmark escapes into a mad romantic fling. And lo and behold! A baby does come into their home. How?? That's the \$64 question!

DAMN YANKEES (Warners): When an avid baseball fan (Robert Shafer) sells his soul to the Devil to help his favorite team win the pennant, that's true sportsmanship! The Devil transforms him into Tab Hunter, the greatest baseball player ever. But when he wants to return to his old self, the Devil sends Gwen Verdon to tempt Tab. Her song and dance numbers are enough to tempt anyone to sell his soul!

IN LOVE AND WAR (20th-Fox): In time of love and war everyone is equal. So that when a group of marines comes to a Japanese-held island we find people like Jeffrey Hunter—of Greek parentage—who's mad about a sweet little girl back home, Hope Lange; then there's scholarly Bradford Dillman, whose rich fiancé, Dana Wynter, is drunk half the time; and lastly, cowardly Bob Wagner, of poor Irish parents. There's a good deal of beauty on that island to keep the boys happy—France Nuyen and Sheree North, for instance.

THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA (20th-Fox): Nothing was more beautiful or romantic than Japan in 1856. John Wayne as Townsend Harris and his interpreter Sam Jaffe aren't given a very friendly greeting though when they sail into Japan. Foreigners aren't received too well by the superstitious population. Eiko Ando, a beautiful Geisha, is sent to spy on Wayne—but falls for him instead. When he stops a cholera epidemic, Wayne becomes a sort of hero to the townspeople. Nothing beats this film for exotic color and beauty.

SEPARATE TABLES (U.A.): Wendy Hiller is the hotelkeeper of one of the most exciting little hotels in England. At least, its occupants are exciting. There's a phony major, David Niven, and his timid secret admirer, Deborah Kerr; and there's a wild American, Burt Lancaster, whose ex-wife, Rita Hayworth, turns up in order to win him back.

It's a dog's life.

And sometimes a pretty swell life, too—especially when the dog has anything to do with Rosalind Russell.

The dog in question was a poodle, in residence temporarily in a pet shop in New York. He was a very special poodle; he had acting experience—but he was between engagements now.

And at that moment Rosalind Russell was looking for a dog for a scene in her TV spectacular *Wonderful Town*. She had looked all over town for just the right pooch, and at last she found him. Or so she thought.

Her producer had the deal almost closed. Then he mentioned to the pet-shop owner that the studio truck would come around to pick up the dog to test it for the role. The man immediately lost interest.

ROZ



goes to the dog

"No sir," he said. "This dog doesn't need any test. He's been in eight plays already. He's got more experience than lots of actors I could name."

The producer pleaded.

Roz pleaded. But no go.

"This dog's valuable property," the man insisted. "I don't want to let it out of my shop too long. You know, he's pretty popular. He's in demand. Some other producer might come along and want him—and without a test, I might add—then where'd I be?"

It looked as if Rosalind Russell was going to have to get herself another dog. Then she hit on a solution.

"Will you let him come for a test if he goes in my Cadillac?" she asked the man. "My chauffeur will be ever so careful of him—and so will I."

The dog picked up his ears at this and barked approval. After that the pet-shop man had to give in. . . .

P.S. The poodle got the part!

You can see Roz in Warners' AUNTIE MAME.

LADIES—Last season more than 20,000 women accepted the opportunity offered in the advertisement below. We hope that you, too, will take advantage of it. Just fill out the convenient coupon, paste it on a postcard, and mail it today. Hurry!

FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$23 WEEKLY for wearing lovely dresses received as extra rewards. Just show Fashion Frocks to friends in spare time. No investment, canvassing or experience necessary. Fashion Frocks, Cincinnati 2, O.

HERE ARE JUST
A FEW OF THE
125
BEAUTIFUL NEW
STYLES NOW
READY FOR
DELIVERY

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104 POLAR-TRAPPED



KISS-STARVED G.I.s picked the army's champ woman-chaser to take their furlough by proxy with two gorgeous dames!



Universal International presents

TONY CURTIS ★ JANET LEIGH

The Perfect Furlough

CINEMASCOPE in Eastman COLOR

co-starring KEENAN WYNN • ELAINE STRITCH

with LES TREMAYNE MARCEL DALIO and LINDA CRISTAL

Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS • Written by STANLEY SHAPIRO • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR



FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in February your birthstone is an amethyst, your flower is a violet and here are some of the stars who share it with you:

February 3—Peggy Ann Garner

February 4—Red Buttons
James Craig
Ida Lupino

February 6—Zsa Zsa Gabor
Gigi Perreau
Ronald Reagan
Mamie Van Doren

February 7—Keefe Braselle

February 8—Jack Lemmon
Lana Turner

February 9—Kathryn Grayson

February 10—Jimmy Durante
Robert Keith
Robert Wagner

February 11—Leslie Nielson

February 12—Forest Tucker

February 13—Kim Novak

February 14—Thelma Ritter

February 15—Kevin McCarthy
Cesar Romero

February 16—Vera Ellen
Peggy King

February 17—Arthur Kennedy
Wayne Morris

February 18—Adolphe Menjou
Jack Palance
Dane Clark

February 20—Patricia Smith

February 21—Zachary Scott
Ann Sheridan
Guy Mitchell

February 22—Robert Young

February 23—Race Gentry

February 24—Barbara Lawrence
Marjorie Main

February 26—Betty Hutton
Peter Lorre
Tony Randall

February 27—Reginald Gardiner
Elizabeth Taylor

February 29—Arthur Franz



Clark Gable
February 1



John Lund
February 6



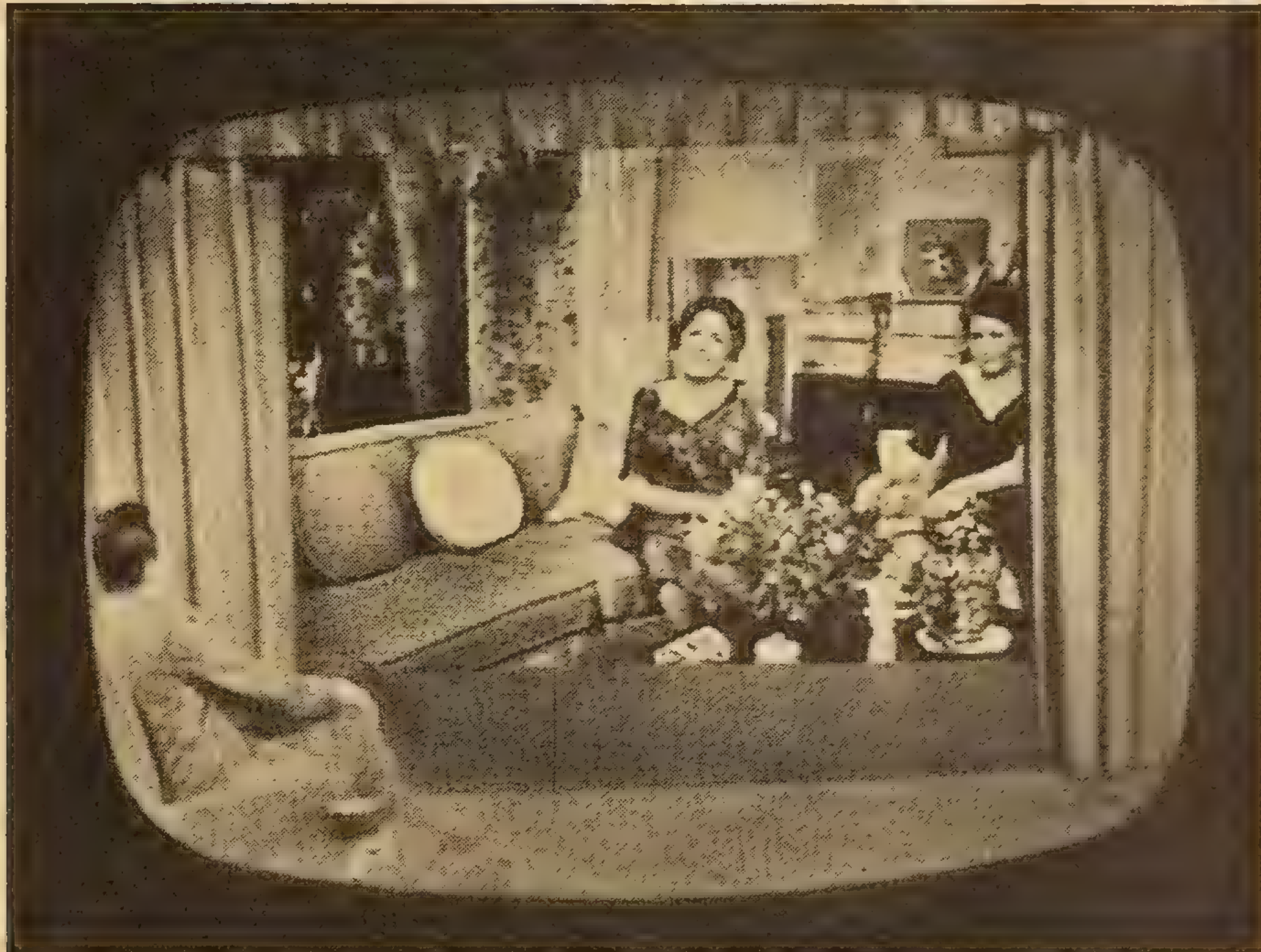
Lyle Bettger
February 13



Joan Bennett
February 27

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS



In This Issue: **Louella gets interviewed**
Debbie talks about Liz
Tony and Janet throw a party

LOUELLA PARSONS



Louella and her daughter Harriet pointed out for the TV camera the private elevator that goes up to Louella's office on the next floor.

Pardon us, Louella, if we take over the first two pages of your column, but we had to congratulate you—

**on how wonderful you looked
on Person to Person . . .**

We think Ed Murrow summed it up wonderfully on his Person to Person program when he said, "For something like thirty-five years Louella Parsons has been reporting the doings of Hollywood and its movie stars in what is probably the best-known syndicated column of its type in the world. It not only has an impact on newspaper readers here and abroad, but on the industry as well; so much so, that Sam Goldwyn recently remarked, 'Louella is stronger than Sampson. He needed two columns to bring the house down. Louella can do it with one.'"

Louella's column was the very first of its kind. We at MODERN SCREEN take great pride in this fact, and we'd like to add that since Louella is unique and inimitable, her column is now, and always will be, the *only one* of its kind.

Louella showed her impressive collection (above) of signed autographs of Cardinal Spellman, Grace Kelly's family and an etching of John Barrymore . . . And she introduced Major Domo Collins (right). He's been with her 25 years.





Sam Goldwyn, Vivian Willits and Irene Dunne (left to right) admired Louella's plaque and agreed with her that "it means an awful lot to be there in person to see and smell the flowers."

on winning the 'outstanding journalist of 1958' trophy...

We are so proud of our Louella. Proud that she was chosen by the women of her own profession—the California Association of Press Women—as the 'outstanding journalist of 1958.' Proud of the touching, humble appreciation with which she received her award, the Golden Flame Trophy. It was surely a great honor, and we (and in this we include our readers who sent us thousands of letters to this effect) believe it was richly and fully deserved.

Six hundred friends and colleagues came to honor Louella at the luncheon given in the Embassy Room of the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel. The flower be-decked tables were beautiful and the food was delicious—but Louella was so nervous and excited she hardly touched her plate!

On the dais with the guest of honor were Sam Goldwyn, Irene Dunne, Kim Novak, Louella's *Los Angeles Examiner* newspaper bosses and associates—and Master of Ceremonies Jack Benny. Jack, who had apologized that he could stay only an hour on his TV rehearsal day—stayed *three* . . . and was never funnier in his life!

The speeches made by Irene Dunne and Sam Goldwyn summed up the high regard Hollywood feels for its first lady. After all the wonderful things that were said, we can add nothing but *Amen!*



Jack Benny, bless his heart, promised an hour of M-C-ing, but stayed three hours!

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

RIGHT: Janet Leigh's bag was packed, ready for a hurried trip to the hospital with Tony. BELOW: Nat and Bob were among the married romancers.

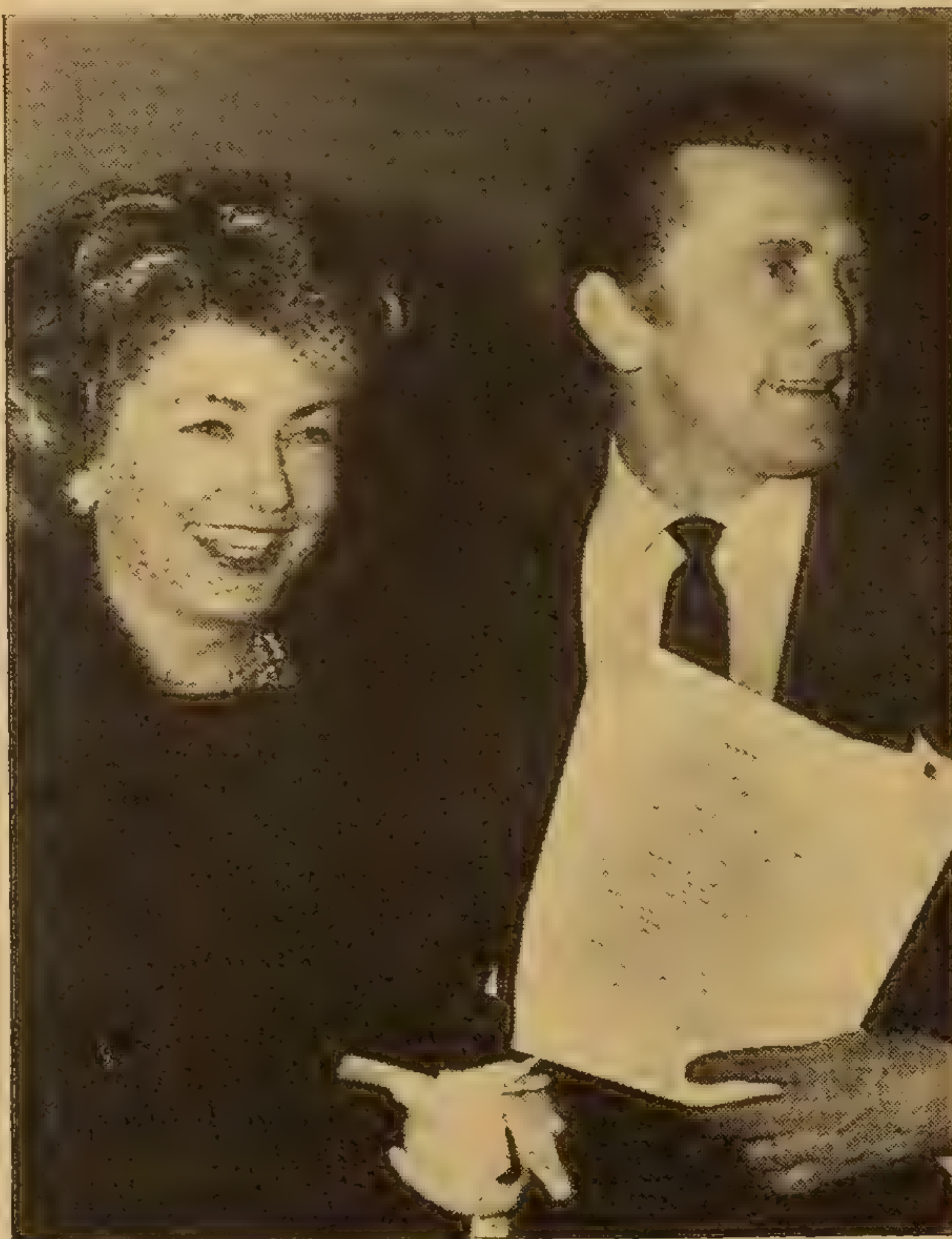


PARTY of
the month

LEFT: Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler were an attractive couple that starry night.



RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Douglas had a special topic of conversation at supper. Their children.



Never was a hostess more prepared to have a baby than **Janet Leigh** was at the preview supper party of Janet and **Tony's** hilarious comedy *The Perfect Furlough*.

Not only was Janet's bag packed and in the back of Tony's car in case she had to make a hurried trip to the hospital for the arrival of the Curtis' second baby, but her doctor, Dr. Leon Krohn, was a guest at both the picture and the party! However, the baby didn't premiere this night.

Janet looked as cute as a button in a maternity gown with a harem skirt! She and Tony had taken over La Rue for their supper party and the swank Sunset Strip cafe looked very festive with roses on every table and an assortment of French wines in tall, flower bedecked bottles.

All of Tony and Janet's pals turned out so it was a 'starry' night.

Sitting at one table were such romancers as **Jack Lemmon** and **Felicia Farr**, **Esther Williams** and **Jeff Chandler**, and the married, but equally in love, **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner**.

Joan Collins, with a scooped-up hairdo and a low-cut black dress, with **Joey Foreman**. **Doris Day** looked like a fashion plate in a brocaded cocktail suit. Doris is really dressing up these days.

Barbara Rush, twenty pounds thinner (I've been scolding her for carrying too much poundage, but no more) was one of the most beautiful girls present.

The **Gregory Pecks** and the **Kirk Douglasses** had supper together and talked mostly about their children. It was a très gay evening, very Frenchy.

Marilyn—in Dread

Ever since tests made by Dr. Leon Krohn, famed Beverly Hills gynecologist, proved conclusively that **Marilyn Monroe** is pregnant, she has lived in dread of a repetition of her first pregnancy when she and Arthur Miller lost an expected baby in 1957.

Marilyn still had three more weeks' shooting on her movie *Some Like It Hot* when she received the wonderful news. She told producer Harold Mirisch that she would do no more strenuous scenes. Fortunately all the rough-housing with **Tony Curtis** and **Jack Lemmon** had been completed. And, all the rest of the time away from the studio, Marilyn stayed in bed at her hotel suite. She really wants this baby!

Rome in Hollywood

It was a pleasure for me to give a party honoring those charming visitors from Rome, Michael and Marajen Chinigo, because the famous Hearst newspaperman and his wife are Mr. and Mrs. Rome themselves, entertaining Hollywood people at their villa when they come to Italy.

In planning the party I tried to include all the film people who have been entertained by the Chinigos—and found that's just about everybody in the industry. So I took over the Sun Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel for my cocktail party—and I needed all that space for the guests who turned out to welcome the visitors.

Rock Hudson came stag. He isn't doing much public dating since the divorce.

Another popular stag was **Maurice Chevalier** who always adds so much gaiety to any gathering. **Dick Powell** was out of town so **June Allyson** came 'stag,' too—if you can apply the term to a gal.

Among the guests I was delighted to greet in addition to the above were **Irene Dunne**, **Greer Garson**, **Norma Shearer**—as beautiful as ever with her husband Marty Arrouge—the **Rossano Brazzis**, **Marie Wilson** and Bob Fallon, Rosemary and **Danny Thomas**, Mrs. **Louis Jourdan**, Mr. and Mrs. Randy Hearst, the David Hearsts and cute 'young' **Charlie Coburn** (the Chinigos were his houseguests).

* * *

OPEN LETTER

TO JERRY LEWIS:

Dear Jerry—please take it easy!

I know that you—our zany, crazy, explosive, hard-working Pied Piper of comedy—are the last star in the business who should have been felled by serious illness (bleeding ulcers creating pressure against the heart).

But try to remember that some people can be ill temporarily and even take a fair de-

Hard-working Jerry Lewis was sent to the hospital with bleeding ulcers. It's hard for this human dynamo, but he's letting the doctor be the boss!

gree of comfort from the rest and curtailment of activities. For you—it's hard. You are the proverbial human dynamo, on or off stage.

When you called me from the hospital the other morning, after receiving the 'bad news' that you'll have to rest for weeks and weeks, you sounded depressed and unhappy. But I was proud of you for saying you had told your doctor that you were going to do just as he told you!

You even made a little joke of it telling Dr. Marvin Levy, "I've always taken direction well. You're the boss."

And, I liked what you said about the rest giving you more time to spend with your devoted, pretty Patti and the children.

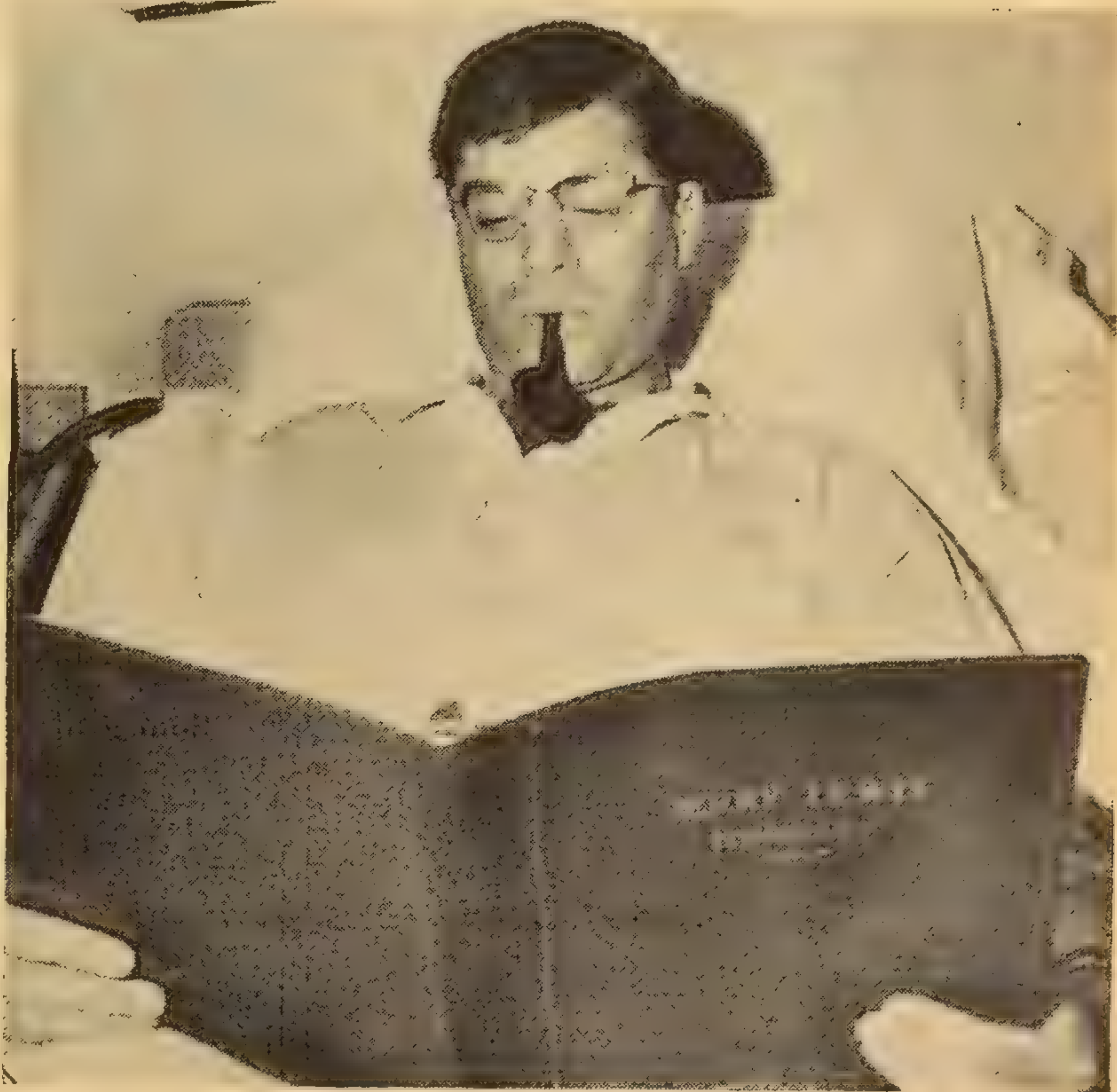
But that was a depressed sigh I heard when you said your new Paramount comedy has been postponed.

Just give yourself the chance to build up your physical reserves—and you're going to be all right and back in full-swing again.

Remember you have a lot going for you—youth, stamina and heart—plus all the good wishes of fans and family who love you. Take care, Young Clown.



*Marilyn Monroe had three more weeks of shooting for *Some Like It Hot* when she received the wonderful news, that a baby is on the way. So she outlawed any more strenuous scenes.*



LOUELLA PARSONS

Continued



LEFT: "I'm tired of loafing around waiting for the telephone to ring." These days Kim Novak is bored. RIGHT: Even now, it's hard for Debbie Reynolds to believe she has lost Eddie Fisher . . . Here, she smiles bravely with Jacques Bergerac at a benefit.



Kim? Bored??

I bet there are a million lonely girls in the USA who can echo **Kim Novak's** plaint, "There's no excitement in my life." But hardly a single one among those million can understand how such a remark could come from the beautiful and famous Kim.

I can hear the girls saying "Surely she has everything—youth, beauty, money, clothes and fame. What about that General who was giving her furs and automobiles? And Mac Krim? And all the stars who are supposed to fall for her in their love scenes?"

Let Kim answer that—"That was six months ago."

It's amusing that just six months ago I was scolding Kim for having too much 'excitement' in her life—most of it with the wrong men. Yet I must back her up in her claim that her life these days seems calm almost to the point of 'boredom' as she said recently.

I had to laugh when Kim said that she was going to the Film Festival in Mexico City, "Not particularly that I want to make the trip—but there's nothing else on hand, so I might as well do something."

Plenty of excitement developed south of the border—but not of the type the beautiful blonde was hankering for. For three days she was mauled by fans, had her clothes ripped off her back and was surrounded by men, all right—policemen trying to protect her. She cut her visit short by three days and returned to Hollywood.

The always faithful Mac Krim, who always comes running when Kim beckons, dropped other dates to take her out now and then. But both Mac and Kim now seem to realize the old flame is dead.

"Thank heavens I've made up with Columbia and will be back at work soon keeping busy. I'm tired loafing around waiting for the telephone to ring," is the honest admission of this famed Hollywood beauty. What do you think of this, gals?

* * *

The Polite Separation

The most polite separation ever chalked up in Hollywood and one I sincerely regret, is that of **Cary Grant** and **Betsy Drake**. After nearly nine years of marriage they surprised everyone by issuing the joint and genteel statement:

"We have had, and shall always have, a deep love and respect for each other. But, alas, our marriage has not brought us the happiness we fully expected and mutually desired."

It's a shame such nice people have to part. But better this way than with the mud-slinging in some divorces.

* * *



I'm on my
SOAP BOX

. . . to give a first hand report that some trouble (perhaps a lot of it) charged against young people is not their fault.

In one glaring proof of this out of Hollywood this month, **Gary Crosby, Bing's** boy, was far more sinned against than sinning. Yet I have received beefing letters saying in effect, "How dare a big, brawny ex-GI like Gary Crosby so disgrace his dad and his hosts that he stages a wrestling bout with a forty-seven-year-old man at a party?" And so on, and on.

I was a guest at this party hosted by **Milton Berle** in honor of the great American poet Carl Sandburg. Gary, throughout the evening, had been conducting himself with dignity and decorum despite the fact that the wife of a cheese company executive continually heckled him.

She came up to the table where Gary was sitting with Ruth Berle and out of the blue raved: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are a big, fat slob!"

Even then Gary tried to avoid disaster by replying quietly, "Look lady, I don't want to get in any trouble with you. Please go away."

It was at this heated point that the woman's husband charged up, yelling that Gary had insulted his wife, grabbing him by the lapels, and both fell wrestling to the floor—Gary trying to extricate himself from the man's clutches.

Although he was not in the least to blame, many of the stories made it sound as though Bing's eldest had indulged in a drunken brawl at a distinguished affair. The boy was so unhappy he sent flowers to his hostess

the following day and a sweet note of apology for his part in the unfortunate fracas. Poor Gary. Poor sons of all celebrities. They take a beating even when they don't deserve it.

What Debbie Believes

How do you like **Debbie Reynolds**, of all people, having this to say about **Elizabeth Taylor's** chances for winning an Academy Award for *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof*?

After Liz was quoted in a New York newspaper as saying the bad publicity she has received in the **Debbie-Eddie Fisher** split will hurt her chances for an Oscar, I talked with Debbie and asked if she had read the article.

"No," said Little Miss Honesty, "but as far as the Academy Award is concerned—I think if Elizabeth gives the best performance of the year she should win the Oscar no matter what else has happened."

"I don't believe the personal life of an actress should influence the Academy vote. It would not be fair otherwise. If she deserves the Oscar for *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof* she should win it."

This came out during the conversation—which had been ordered by my Hearst newspaper syndicate—I had with Debbie about divorcing Eddie. She had just learned from Eddie for the first time, a few days previous, that he wanted a divorce to marry Liz.

"Eddie told me that he loves Elizabeth and wants to marry her as soon as possible," Debbie said. "I don't suppose he can help it if he's in love with her—but I just wish I had known the truth sooner."

She still insists that she believes their marriage was a happy one before Eddie took off for New York on that fatal trip when he met and dated Liz all over the town.

"We had consulted a marriage counselor about our problems," Debbie told me, "and for a year we had known real happiness. Before Eddie left he had been so sweet and affectionate with me and told me how much he would miss me."

Even now, with all that's happened, I think it's hard for Debbie to believe she has lost Eddie.

I nominate for STARDOM

BRAD DILLMAN

Brad Dillman:—Or if you prefer his full name, Bradford Dillman. He's being touted as 'the young **Bill Holden**' since he came from the Broadway stage to conquer Hollywood, and 20th Century-Fox, in *In Love and War* and *Compulsion*.

Like Holden, he is a direct, well-spoken, mannerly and conservative young man who, also like Holden, registers a terrific amount of sex appeal on the screen.

Brad laughingly told me, "This sex appeal bit is a surprise. On Broadway in such plays as Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* none of the critics or fans noticed anything sexy about me. In fact when Eugene O'Neill's widow okayed me for the play she said to director Jose Quintero:

"I think this young man will be good."



He has Eugene's shy smile, he doesn't talk very much—and when he does you can hardly understand him."

But it was Brad's click in this hit which landed him in Hollywood with his pretty wife, the former Frieda Harding. Their romance started when both were appearing in *Happy Birthday* on Broadway with **Helen Hayes**. They have one child, Jeffrey Crawford, born in March of this year.

Brad admits that he's 'just crazy' about his wife. "She has green eyes and dark hair and is about five-feet-three. I thought when I first saw her, and still think she's the loveliest girl I've ever seen."

He proposed to her in a beanery on 49th street in New York and she accepted. To celebrate, they ordered another plate of beans. "We kissed later," Brad laughs.

They rent a modest home in the Pacific Palisades and save their movie money. "Who knows how long this good thing will last?" he says. The fans and I say a long time, Brad.



PERSONAL OPINIONS

of honor in a new silver frame on my piano. . . .

Tony Bartley would give anything and everything to make up with **Deborah Kerr**, or so I hear. But she's too bitter—about his taking the children away from her and his 'stolen affection' charges against writer Peter Viertel—to listen. . . .

Funny the way **Brigitte Bardot** and **Frank Sinatra** are practically in a feud without ever meeting. The French belle says that if Frank comes to Paris to make *A Night In Paris* with her, it's all right—and if he doesn't come, that's all right too! But she won't come to Hollywood to work with him. Frank says either way is okay with him too—whether they do or don't make the picture! . . .

Trying to beat the rap of 'living in two separate worlds' was too much for **Terry Moore** and Eugene McGrath. They ended their marriage with the explanation that

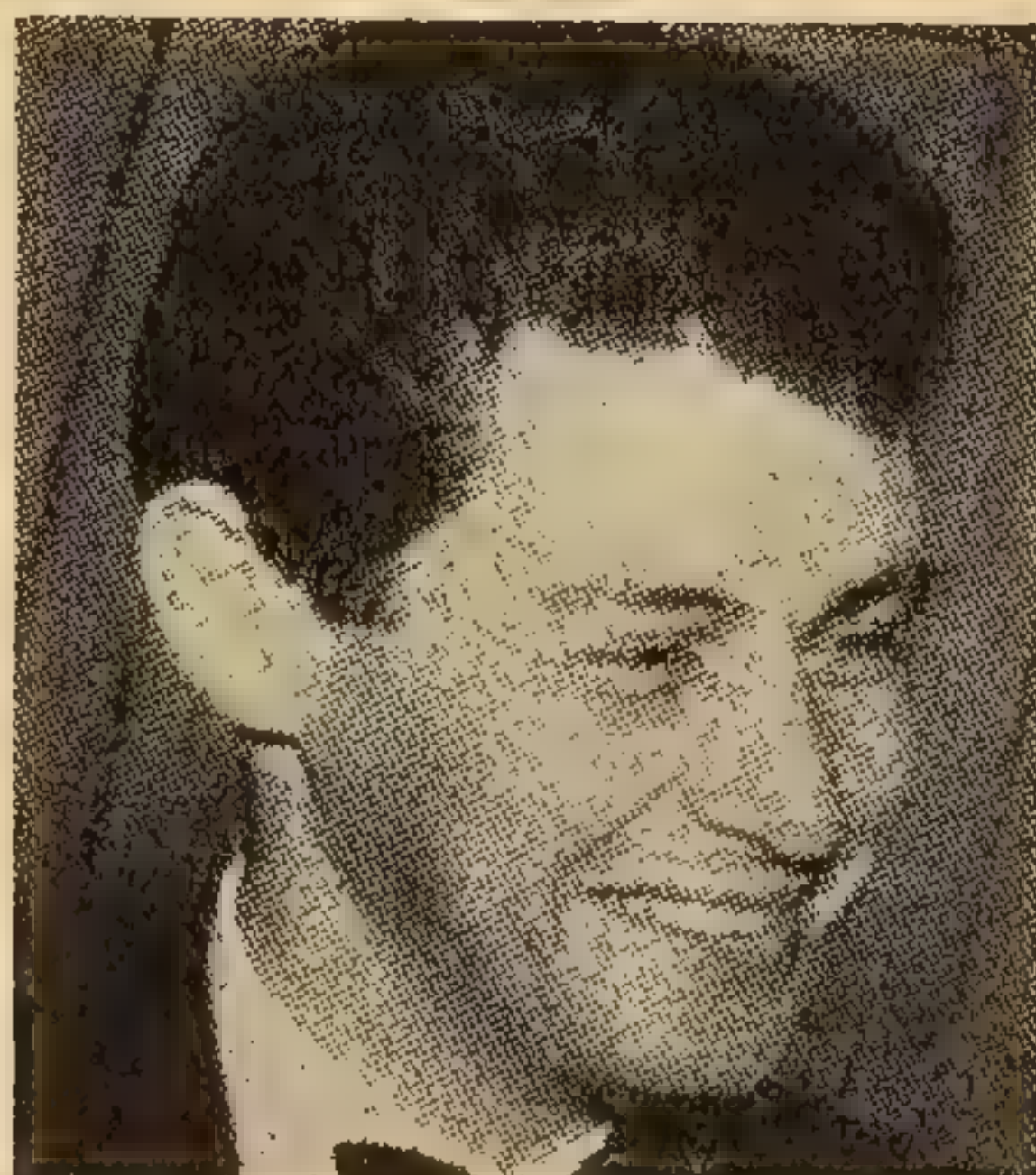
Terry's 'world' is Hollywood and 'Gene's his business interests in Panama.' It looks as if this second rift will be final.

Liz' True Love

Elizabeth Taylor relayed to me a denial of something she was supposed to have said—that **Eddie Fisher** is the true love of her life.

It was short and to the point: "I deeply loved **Mike Todd** and will always cherish his memory as one of the most beautiful things in my life. I don't want anything to destroy that memory."

After issuing this communique to my desk, Liz went back into the silence that has enveloped her for the past five months. The few friends she now trusts are beginning to worry about her present mode of living as a recluse.



Liz denied that Eddie is the true love of her life. Her statement to Louella Parsons was short and to the point: "I deeply loved Mike Todd and will always cherish his memory as one of the beautiful things in my life."



Didn't France Nuyen bounce Brando?

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

She's had a bad cold she can't shake and spends most of her time in bed. Emotional upsets have always made Liz physically ill—and believe me, she's had an emotional upset!

She won't even go to the beauty parlor, having her hairdresser and manicurist come to her home, **Tyrone Power's** former

house. She hasn't even been in the shops preferring to have clothes sent to her bedroom for selection. And since that very public dating with **Eddie** in the East which set off the firecrackers, she hasn't appeared in public with him on the West Coast. Not at this writing anyway.

As the irony of fate would have it—**Debbie** also landed in the hospital this month. Her mother told me: "Debbie has kept her troubles locked up within herself. This

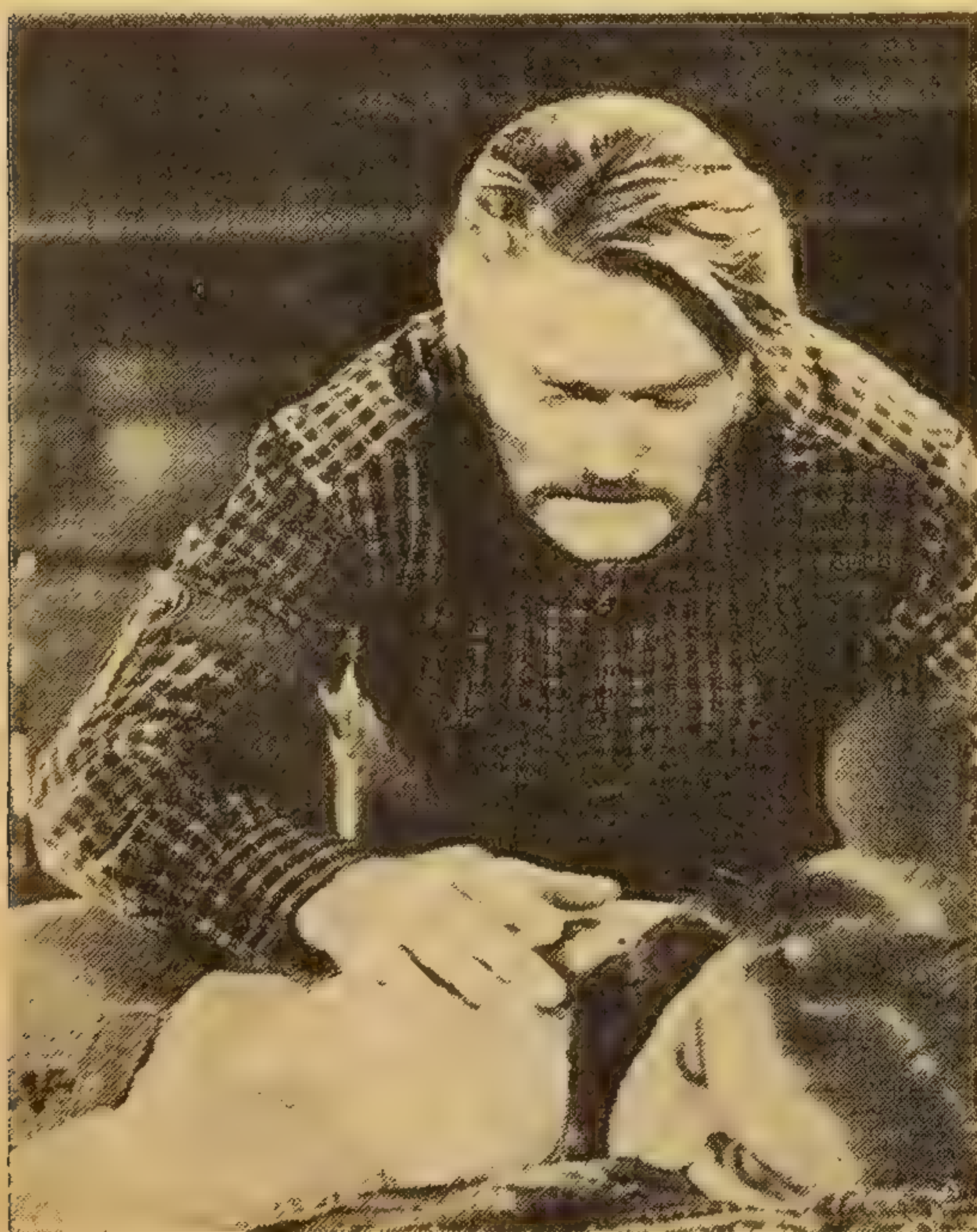
plus the fact that she has been working hard in *The Mating Game* and that she is giving so much of herself to the children, finally broke her down."

She's also lost twelve pounds since the separation.

But Debbie's still got her fightin' spirit. She stayed in the hospital just three days and then kept a date to dance at a charity affair and take the children for a weekend in Palm Springs.



A fan raves about the wonderful performance John Kerr gives . . .



Another reader praises two very fine character actors—J. Carrol Naish (right) who carries every picture, and Chuck Connors, a standout in *The Big Country*.



I get such a kick out of the young fans from foreign countries who write me in English about their Hollywood favorites. I have the greatest admiration for their efforts and certainly do not intend to poke fun over such cute letters as the one from **MAGALY CRUZ**, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL: Hi, Lovely Female Friend Louella: How are you? Thanks to God I am in good health and full of interest about Mr. Tommy Sands. Has he very success in Hollywood? Has he the girl friends or is he on look out? How many car has he? Can he write me in Portuguese? I doubt it, Magaly, but I'm sure Tommy will enjoy reading your letter here, my nice female friend. . . .

MOLLY HOSTATTER, SYRACUSE, pops off: Are you and **MODERN SCREEN** crazy that you haven't gotten on the wagon for that wonderful **John Kerr**? He just stole **SOUTH PACIFIC** that's all. Why hasn't he been on

the cover, had a dozen interviews and lots of attention from you, L.O.P.? I wasn't conscious of ignoring John—but your enthusiasm is catching—I'll do more on him. . . .

I am seventy-six years old and a real **Elvis Presley** fan, postcards **MRS. VERONICA HENDERSON**, OROVILLE, CALIFORNIA. He's a fine entertainer—but most of all I appreciate his sweetness to his father and taking him to Germany after the sad death of Mrs. Presley. . . .

C. A. BROWN, LONG BEACH, thinks it is a mistake to ignore the very fine character actors in favor of the 'pretty boys': **J. Carrol Naish**, for instance, carries almost every picture he's in. **Chuck Connors** was a standout in *THE BIG COUNTRY*. Instead, we read about **Cathy Crosby** and her 'problems'—pretty slim reading if you ask me. Are you listening, David Myers. . . .

I'd like movie stars like **Pier Angeli** and **Vic Damone** to know that the public isn't interested in their mother-in-law troubles, snaps **MRS. VIOLA BIRS**, herself a mother-in-law, of **HARTFORD, CONN.** Blaming mother-in-law for their own faults went out with the horse and carriage and vaudeville jokes. The mother-in-law has a dignified and respected place in the average American home today. So there—Vic. . . .

A male voice, **BILLY McSHANE's**, is heard asking: Marilyn Monroe remains the Queen of the screen. But for heavens sake let's have our favorite 'dish' with younger leading men than **Tom Ewell** and **Sir Laurence Olivier**. You'll get her with **Tony Curtis** and **Jack Lemmon** in *Some Like It Hot*, Billy. They're young enough. . . .

Good heavens, **CHRIS R. LAHABRA**, is starting a scrapbook on **Sandra Dee** and **Ricky Nelson** now to pass on to my grandchildren. Just as I now love the old pictures of **Mickey Rooney**, **Judy Garland** and **Shirley Temple**, I'm sure my grandchildren will be interested in today's young people like Sandra and Ricky. . . .

We're just waiting for Jerry Wald to make his promise good and star our dream girl **Patti Page** in a movie writes **ROSEMARY CAHILL**, enthusiastic president of Patti's Partners fan club. She's beautiful, sings like a lark and can act. Guess you better get going, Mr. Wald.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella Parsons

FREE

MONEY-SAVING

STYLE CATALOG

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS SPRING & SUMMER CATALOG



Newest Styles



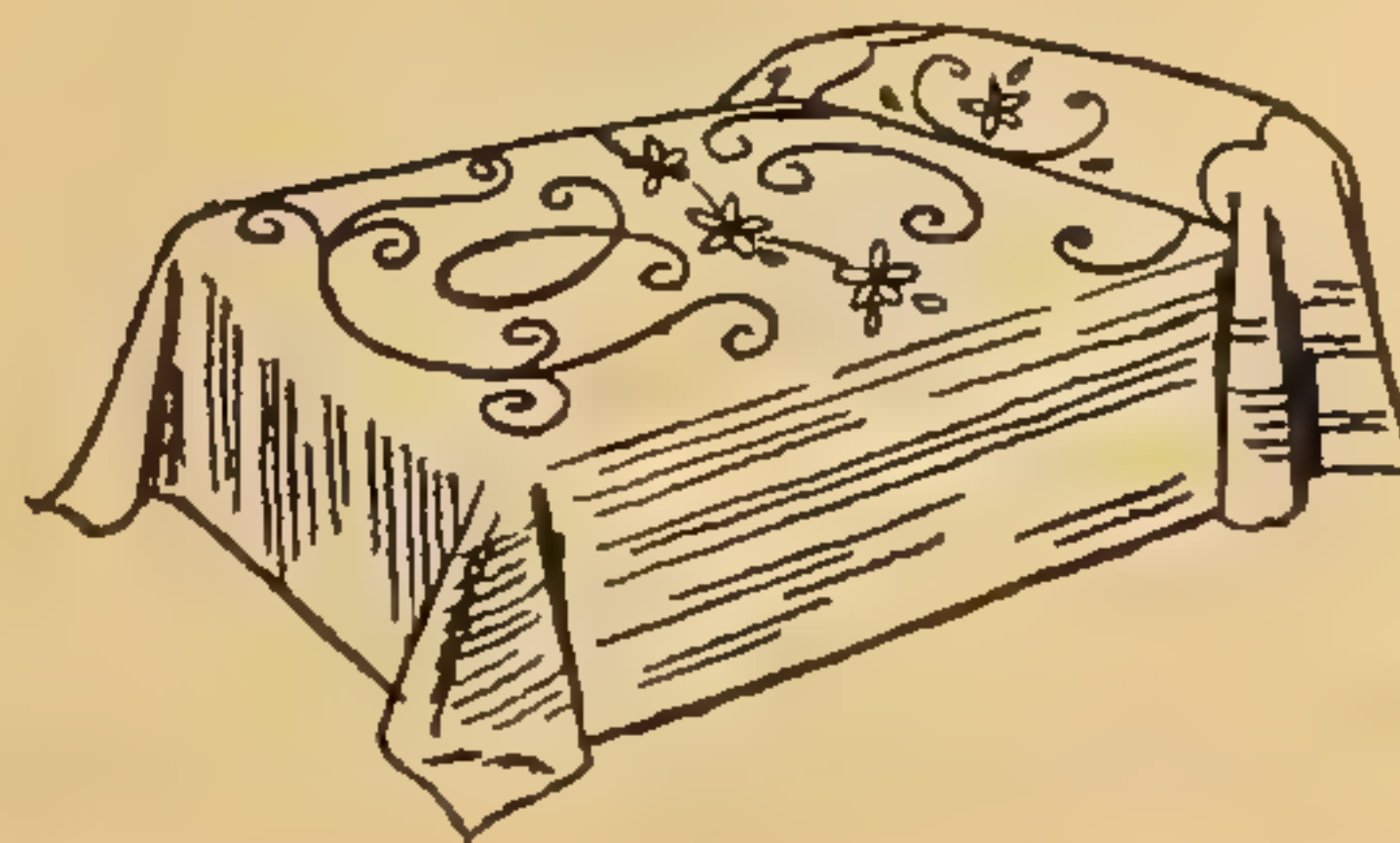
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WHO IS THIS GIRL?



Her name is Connie Stevens.

She could have become a juvenile delinquent. She became, instead, a promising young actress.

She very nearly made her entrance into this world in the auditorium of a local movie theater in Brooklyn. Her mother barely made it to the hospital before she was born.

Her parents separated when she was two and she was turned over by the court to aging Italian-speaking grandparents.

When her grandmother died she was placed in boarding school.

She grew up without parental love, guidance or security. She found in the movies a perfect escape from the loneliness of a home without a mommy or daddy. She would go to three movie theaters in a row—each showing two pictures.

The next morning she always had a headache.

At fourteen, in addition to being an avid movie fan, she was an autograph collector and read every film magazine she could get her hands on. Once she waited two hours in the rain outside the stage entrance of New York's Paramount Theater to get Jerry Lewis' autograph. But when Jerry came out, she was shoved aside by more aggressive collectors—and couldn't even catch a glimpse of him.

In high school, she was a tomboy, a champ pool player and baseball fan. She was the first class president ever to be impeached. She was also voted the most popular girl—and the one Most Likely to Succeed.

At fifteen, she was taken to Los Angeles by her father—who then remarried, hoping to give her the home life he had never been able to provide. But she and her step-mother clashed immediately.

At sixteen, after taking a violent beating, she moved out of the house and into a room with a girlfriend.

She got jobs singing in a night club, in cocktail lounges, but couldn't stand that kind of life and settled for becoming a salesgirl in a dress shop.

Then slowly her luck changed.

An agent became interested. She did her first straight acting job for a tv bakery commercial, landed roles in three grade C short teen-age movies.

Jerry Lewis discovered her and she became his leading lady in *Rockabye Baby*. Now she's under contract to Warner Brothers for two films a year—plus records.

Slowly and surely her life is straightening out.

Jerry Lewis thinks she's going to be an awfully big star. After *Rockabye Baby* was finished he gave her a diamond and sapphire bracelet with a medallion reading: TO A GREAT NEW STAR: I'M PROUD OF YOU.


We think Connie has all it takes to become an awfully big star too. That's why next month we are presenting one of the most complete photographic essays ever published on a young girl on her way up. . . .

We spent three days with this girl. We captured her joys, her sorrows, her genuine attempts to have the love and family life and companionship that escaped her in the past, while still fulfilling the obligations of a demanding profession.

We think you'll take this girl to your heart, who after all that has happened to her, can still cheerfully say: "Although I've always wanted mother to guide me, I guess it wasn't meant to be. But the Lord in His infinite wisdom has kept me out of real trouble. I feel I'm a very lucky girl."

We believe that you'll want to meet this girl in *MODERN SCREEN* next month. We think that once you know her—you'll make her a star.

END



Is it
true...
blondes
have more
fun?

One sure way to find out is to be a blonde... and the wonderfully sure, *new* way to becoming blonde is with Instant Whip Lady Clairol! It's the great new creme-conditioning hair lightener that turns each treatment into a treat! Feels deliciously cool and gentle going on, works fast as magic, transforms

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Your hairdresser will tell you
a blonde's best friend is

Lady Clairol NEW INSTANT WHIP Creme Hair Lightener

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NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!

Tina Louise

co-starring in
"THE TRAP"

A Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor



TINA LOUISE, one of Hollywood's most glamorous new stars, keeps her hair soft, shining and easy-to-manage with Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Why don't YOU try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!

An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—
never dries —
it beautifies —
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

On the next page begins an interview with Lana Turner.

It was not easy to obtain this interview. When we asked to speak to Lana, we, like other magazines, were turned down. We were told frankly and flatly that there were things she could not and would not discuss: her daughter Cheryl, trying to find herself in the anonymous world of a big public high school; the Stompanato tragedy; the love letters. Our reply was simple. We did not want to talk about those things at all. They had been discussed enough—too much. What we wanted to know, what our readers wanted to know was: what was Lana now? What becomes of a woman who lives through such terror? How does she pick up the threads of her life again? Where does she go to live, who gives her help, who does she see? What is it like to learn to live alone, what changes does it make? Is she moody now, is she sad, has the tragedy left its mark on her face as well as in her heart? And where does she go from here? They listened carefully, the people in charge of protecting Lana from the morbid, the unfriendly, the too-curious. And they said: in that case, Lana feels she has something to say. . . .

This is the story, then, of the first interview Lana Turner has given to a fan magazine in almost a year and a half. . . .

continued —→

*after
a year and a half
of silence...*

**LANA'S
FIRST
INTERVIEW**

The



way I live now



"Circumstances," Lana Turner said slowly, "have made me more alone than I have ever been in my life. Yes, now I am *really* alone."

She didn't look unhappy, saying that. She looked, in fact, ravishingly beautiful. I had been in Hollywood for two weeks and I had seen and interviewed a lot of movie stars. Of them all, only Lana *looked* the part.

She was sitting in the corner of a dark green sofa when I walked in; she was wearing a pair of beautifully tailored white slacks, white thong sandals and a blouse in brilliant shades of blue, green, fuchsia. She was glamorous. It was 104 degrees outside and at least that inside, but there wasn't a blonde hair out of place on Lana's head or a smudge on her perfect make-up. I had expected her to be a little tired, a little drawn perhaps. Instead, she glowed, she sparkled, she seemed, above all—young and beautiful. And there was the air of a movie star about her—she (Continued on page 58)





DIANE JERGENS AND PETER BROWN

We had such beautiful dreams...

Bridesmaids in ballerina-length gowns,

A church ceremony and a dance afterwards,

But fate had other plans for

Our crazy UPSIDE-DOWN* WEDDING

Five hundred engraved wedding invitations were addressed in neat longhand, stamped and bundled for mailing.

Bridesmaids Joanne Dupuis, Patty Coleman, Ruda Lee and Mrs. Jackie Coogan had ordered ballerina-length gowns of pale violet silk with matching Juliet caps bordered with seed pearls from Bullock's Department Store.

At the All Saints Episcopal Church, the young clergyman reserved Sunday afternoon, October 11th, for the Diane Jergens-Peter Brown nuptials. Three other couples had asked for the same date after that and were turned down.

Columnists and reporters predicted this would be the most lavish Hollywood wedding of the year!

You know what happened.

They eloped!

No, they didn't plan it that way. Both Diane and Peter dreamed of a picturebook wedding with a beautiful church ceremony followed by a gala country club reception and dance.

But Peter explained later, "Things just don't always happen your way. The day before the invitations were to be mailed, I got a call from my studio bosses, and they told me I was to begin a personal (Continued on page 69)

by Tony Stevens





Oh what have I done?
Oh what should I do?
I should only love one
but I fear I love two...

**a young girl suffering
and distraught, break-
ing her own heart, wrote
a letter to Kim . . . a
strange letter that only
Kim could understand
. . . only Kim could an-
swer . . .**

Dear Kim,

I'm beside myself, and I don't know what to do. Some people write to Dear Abby in the newspapers, but I want a personal reply, and that's why I've decided to write to you. I don't know why but I think you can sympathize with my problem. Kim, I've got troubles, real troubles. I'm in love with two boys at one time. I said two, and I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I can't help it. I love them both, and I feel terrible about it because I'm being unfair to both of them.

I'm eighteen years old, and my girlfriends—the ones I confide in—tell me I'll get over it, but I just know I won't. What should I do? When I'm with one guy, I'm thinking about my next date with the other guy. I know it's all wrong and it's terrible but I can't help it. My heart, it's split in two and it's driving me crazy and I wish someone would tell me how to handle this.

That's why I'm writing to you.

Your fan,
Jeannie L.


Dear Jeannie:

You do have a problem. I don't know where to begin. Dealing with the mysteries of love is something all of us have to face all through life—and it's never easy, but just the same, we have to come to some understanding about ourselves and what it is we want. I'm not saying I have the answer to your problem, but I read your letter three times before I sat down to write to you, and I keep thinking of something that happened to me when I was your age, something that kept my heart whirling at a dizzy pace, and maybe if I tell you about it, we can both learn from it. Exactly what the moral is, I don't know, but somehow I believe it hits home with your worries.

I was seventeen going on eighteen, and I had enrolled at Wright Junior College. At a Make Friends school dance I met a guy from Northwestern University whose name was Chuckie, and I flipped. I was a dewy-eyed freshman, all innocence and light, and he was (Continued on page 78)



DEBBIE
REBUILDS
HER
SHATTERED



Debbie watched Eddie rush down the stairs. An hour earlier, he'd come back from New York and his fling with Liz Taylor. For the past hour, he and Debbie had argued. A few minutes ago, he cut the argument short and went up to their bedroom to get some of his things. And now he was on his way down the stairs, carrying a suitcase, ready to leave—for good, he said.

Debbie watched him.

"Eddie," she called out, as he passed stonily by her.

He didn't answer.

He walked on, to the front door, opened it and slammed it behind him.

And he was gone.

"Eddie," Debbie called again.

There was no answer.

"Oh Lord," Debbie said, bringing her hands to her head, "... oh dear Lord, what's happened to us?"

She looked toward the stairs, and up to the second floor. She wanted to run up those stairs (*Continued on next page*)

LIFE...

DEBBIE *continued*

"Was I so sick I almost forgot that they were waiting for me... that they needed me...now, today, my babies...."





continued

now, desperately, to the rooms where her little children, Todd and Carrie Frances, lay sleeping. She wanted to pick them up and hold them close to her breast and cry, and have them comfort her—small as they were, unknowing as they were—as she cried.

But it was late. It was after midnight, way after. And Debbie knew that she couldn't wake the children. And that she couldn't cry now, either; that she mustn't cry.

She walked into the living room.

She threw herself onto a couch.

For a few minutes she sat there, just sitting and staring, thinking of that terrible hour with Eddie, remembering how he shrugged when she asked him: "Why did you do it? Why?" . . . and how he'd turned away from her when she'd said: "We were so happy. I *thought* we were happy. And then you . . . and Liz . . . together like that in New York . . . You . . . and Liz—Mike Todd's widow, your best friend's wife, your dead friend's wife . . . Why, Eddie? . . . Why?"

Then, still sitting there, she heard the noise, just outside the big window over near the piano.

She was afraid.

She had been in the house alone (*Continued on page 71*)

I'm Lonely

Two people were the world to 17-year-old Phil Everly—his brother Don, and the girl Phil thought he would marry. Now Don is married and the girl. . . ? Well, that's our story.

WOULDN'T you say a church is the last place anyone expects to fall in love?

Well, I would.

But that's where the lovebug bit me, right in the middle of a Sunday morning service at the Methodist Church in Nashville. Nobody believes me when I tell them about it; but it's true, so help me God.

It was April, a couple of years ago, and I was seventeen. I was dizzy with spring fever, daydreaming about girls all the time, wondering what I was going to do with myself all summer long to make life interesting.

And there I was in church one

Sunday, singing away with the old Methodist hymn book in front of me, and I don't know why but my thoughts began to wander and I looked across the aisle, to the oak pews on the other side, and there in the slanting ray of spring sunshine that streamed through the tall stained glass window I saw a glimmer of gold and my eyes feasted on it for a while.

The hymn singing ended, and I snapped out of my spring daze. I looked over toward my golden discovery, and, of course, it was a girl, young and blonde, her soft, feather-cut hair framing her face, and after the church services I followed her—just like a hound

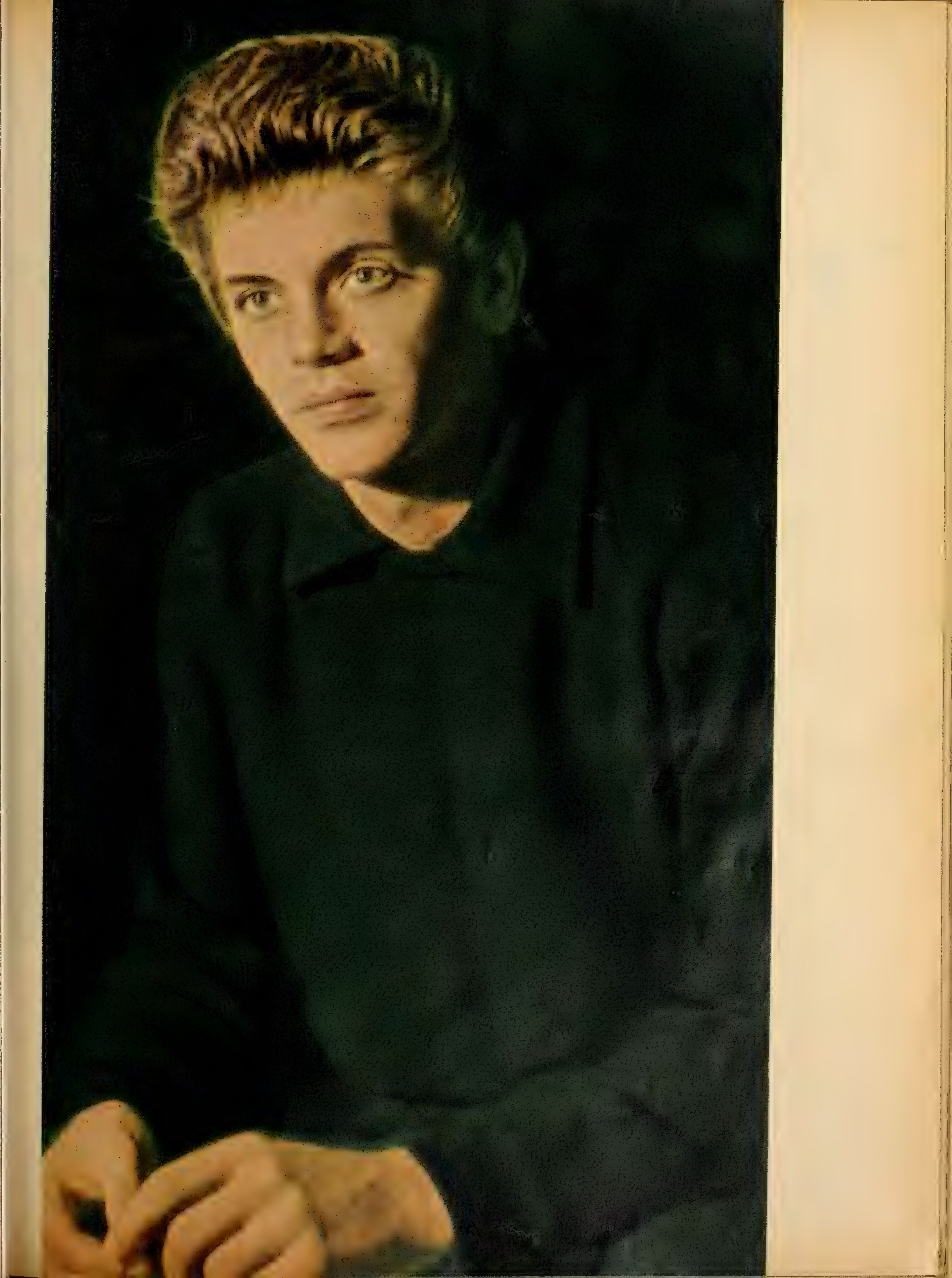
dog—right out into the sunshine.

I tried, but I couldn't get up enough nerve to talk with her. When I saw she was with her family, I ducked. I got scared.

Next Sunday I went to church very early, looking for her. And, sure enough, there she was. As soon as I saw her I was all shook up.

Still, I didn't have enough courage that second Sunday to talk to her. But I stared and stared, and after church I mustered up my nerve and smiled.

I couldn't get her off my mind all day. That night, a warm, breezy April night, I borrowed my (Continued on page 66)



"I came to life because I was loved"

When Clara Anne Fowler was a kid in Claremont and Tulsa, Oklahoma, she wore hand-me-downs and slept with two sisters in the same bed. But she was happy.

She was next-to-last of eleven children, and she was a tomboy who feared nothing . . . except policemen and the devil.

All that, of course, was before she became Patti Page the singer. She feared policemen because she had been brought up to respect law and order. And she feared the devil because her father, a railroad section foreman, and her mother took the kids to the Church of Christ Wednesday nights and twice on Sundays . . . and the minister thrashed at the devil in such spine-tingling, colorful language that little Clara Anne never forgot.

Her parents and her church frowned on dancing, going to the movies, instrumental music in church, and other 'modern evils.' So Clara Anne sang with the rest of the family in church and—when her parents weren't watching—listened to Dinah Shore singing on the radio. When she was older, she saved her pennies for months so she could sneak over to the vaudeville theater and see a show.

When a singer dropped out of a local radio show sponsored by the Page Milk Company, Clara Anne was called in as a substitute. She became, on that show, Patti Page, starting a fantastic climb to stardom . . . and fear. (Continued on page 67)

*Here is the
never-before-
told true-life
story of Patti
Page—a girl
who lived in
pain and fear
until she
found her
man...*

by Paul Denis



My
Brigitte



by Sacha Distel

My love affair with Brigitte?

No, it wasn't love at first sight.

When we first met at a recording session, Brigitte and I couldn't see each other for love or money. I figured her golden-haired head was swollen from fabulous acclaim the world over. Why, she'd be a nightmare for any man to put up with. Oddly, Brigitte later confessed she, too, was distrustful. She took me for a fly-by-night hotshot who wooed the girls as the sun went down—only to ditch them by midnight.



Early last June we saw each other again in the south of France—at St. Tropez where the two of us were spending a summer holiday. St. Tropez is a beautiful French re-



sort with white beaches and blue skies, and we ran into each other one day by accident on an empty stretch of beach near a rock pile.

Brigitte was chasing her puppy dog, Froufrou, around in circles in a silly ring-around-the-rosy game. The poor little pup stepped on a piece of



broken glass, and his foot began bleeding.

Brigitte let out a yell. "Help! Help!" she cried.

I'd been staring at her from my car—at her pink Bikini, at her long, lion-like blonde tresses, at her God-created-woman form; but I was afraid to go over and talk with her. She seemed formidable to me—the famous Brigitte Bardot. But, then, I didn't know her true nature. All I knew was the façade, the mask she wears for the public.

Soon as she cried out, I ran over to her. Froufrou was whimpering and there was a trail of blood on the sand as he hobbled on



his right foreleg. I picked him up and looked at the wound. It wasn't serious but I suggested, for safety's sake, that Brigitte take the puppy to a vet.

"Ah," she sighed, distress in her voice, "where can I go? I'm only a visitor here. I don't know any animal doctors in St. Tropez." She spoke a soft, fluid French. Reaching out, she took (Continued on page 75)



THIS WAS TYRONE'S GREATEST LEGACY
TO HIS UNBORN CHILD... HIS FINAL PORTRAIT...
A PORTRAIT OF A MAN IN LOVE...

FAREWELL TO A GREAT STAR

In the cold Spanish morning, he died. Gasping for breath, his face red-splotched, still dressed in the bright robes of a Biblical king, he fought his final battle, and lost, surprised.

He was not used to losing. From the time a frail child, doomed by doctors—“He doesn’t assimilate his food, he’s starving to death—” proved the spirit could outwit the flesh, Tyrone Power had struggled for life.

Deeply rooted in the wonders of this earth, he’d lived a love affair. The sun had nourished him, and the skies, the seas, the hills. Pretty women had pleased him. He’d enjoyed his work, and many books, and

children and music and food and drink.

At forty-five, he was not ready to go. At eighty-five, he wouldn’t have been ready either. There were too many places he’d never seen, too many tastes he’d never experienced.

He was a middle-aged man with the hungers of a boy. The year he was forty, he retackled the stage, because his Hollywood career left him unsatisfied. “Out of forty movies, I’m proud of four. You can kid everyone but the person you shave.” Only this year, he’d found the woman who would give him, he felt sure, the son he longed for. *(Continued on next page)*

These are the things he did...



Above, five-year-old Indian Ty gave promise of the actor to come. Strip at right is a film from early screen test. He was considered stiff, but so handsome that it didn't matter.



Lloyds of London, Ty's first starring role, with George Sanders, Madeleine Carroll.



At left, Ty and Alice Faye in In Old Chicago. Below, Ty and Marlene Dietrich in Witness For the Prosecution. Out of forty movies he'd made in Hollywood, Ty was proud of four.



John Brown's Body, tackled on the stage when Ty was forty, brought him Broadway's respect, made him happier than his Hollywood millions.



he was dead, in Madrid, with so much left undone.

Ted Richmond, Ty's producer, cried as he tried to tell the cast of *Solomon and Sheba* the news.

George Sanders, his co-star, cried as he choked out, "He was such a sweet person—"

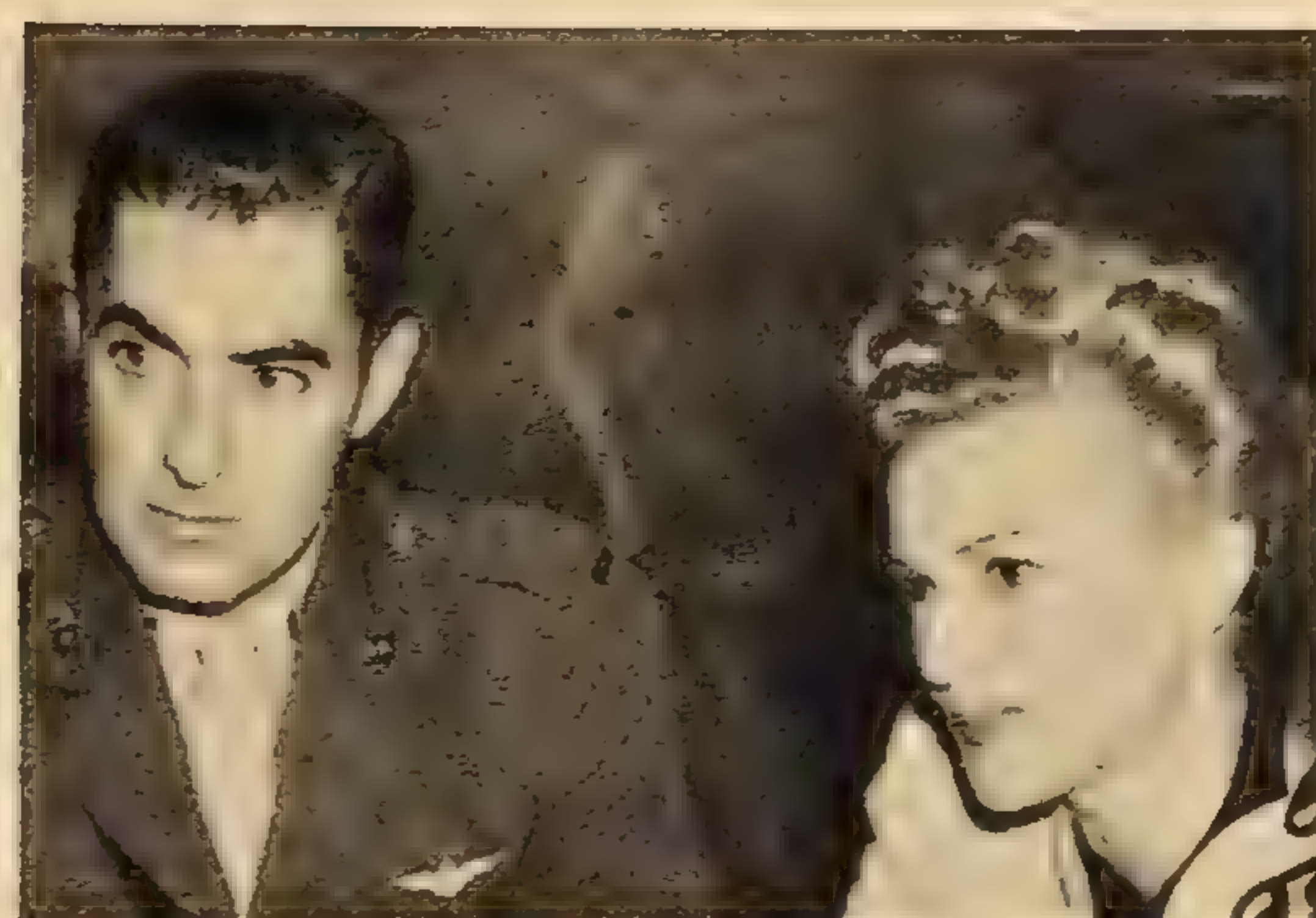
Gina Lollobrigida, his leading lady, cried as she sent for her husband to come and comfort her.

But Deborah Ann Smith Minardos Power, carrying a child who would never know its father, did not cry. And for her there was no comfort.

She sat in a chair in her hotel, arms crossed against her chest; she rocked back and forth, eyes blind with shock.

(Continued on next page)

These are the ones he loved...



At left, the four Powers. Tyrone Sr. died in 1931 while making a film. Above, Ty and first wife, French actress Annabella. When Ty came back from Marines, the marriage collapsed, but they remained friends until Ty's death.



Ty married Linda Christian in Rome, as crowds rioted outside, and photographers invaded church.



Although the marriage ended in 1955, Ty and Linda saw each other often for the sake of their daughters Romina and Taryn (right). When Ty and Debbie (left) sailed for Europe last summer they had high hopes for the future—and for Ty's dream of a son to follow in the family tradition.





He'd complained of a pain in his arm, but had gone on working. Suddenly he sagged, breath short, face red.



Above and at right: Ty, Gina Lollobrigida and crew members in a break between shots. Gina, told of Ty's death, couldn't believe it. "I was talking to him just a few minutes ago," she said. She was almost near collapse when her husband arrived from Rome.



These were his last moments alive...

(Continued from previous page)

Later, the first numbness passed, shaken with terrible dry sobs, she moaned into the emptiness. "It isn't true," she said. "I don't believe it—"

From all over the globe came echoes of her cry. Tyrone's first wife, French actress Annabella, who had been his friend for twenty years, told her grief. "It's an unbelievable tragedy for all of us who knew and loved him—but most of all a *(Continued on page 62)*



Rehearsal shots of Ty, Marisa Pavan and King Vidor, the director who was guiding Solomon and Sheba through production. But all this work was done in vain. For this was the version you will never see. Too many important sequences remained uncompleted for Vidor to finish without Ty, and Yul Brynner was rushed to Spain to take over Ty's role in the picture.



AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO ALL OUR READERS

subject:

DEAR READERS—

It looks like we're getting into the habit of writing to you every time someone's in trouble.

That's your own fault, you know. Because you've been so wonderful, so warm-hearted, so generous with your time and your thoughts and your understanding in the past. And also because sometimes there is no one else to turn to but you, the movie fans, the magazine readers, the ones who know and care.

For all those reasons, we're asking another favor of you now. In a way, it's the hardest one of all. Other times, we've asked you only to put into action what was already in your hearts, to write to someone for whom you could feel only love and sympathy.

Now we're asking you to write a letter in

behalf of a woman you probably don't like at all.

Her name is Elizabeth Taylor.

We know you feel betrayed by her, angry at her. We know because your letters to us and to Louella Parsons have been filled with your disappointment and hurt. We know there's very little love in your hearts for her today.

But we aren't making this appeal in behalf of love or sympathy—or even kindness.

We're making it in behalf of justice.

A cold word, justice. We know that. But we know, and you know also, that it is the word on which our country and our way of life is founded. It is at the heart of America—it's the ideal that has made us great.

Justice—the right of every person to be judged only for the facts that count.

Not, say, for his private life.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

What has this got to do with Elizabeth Taylor?

A very great deal.

It has to do with the possibility—no, the *probability*—of her being denied justice—because of something that should not count.

She said it herself only a little while ago, when a reporter visited her and offered congratulations on her performance in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. She had begun the picture, you remember, before Mike Todd's death—and she completed it in the terrible weeks that followed, long before her heart had begun to heal. He supposed, the writer said, that Elizabeth would be getting another Oscar nomination for her role.

And Elizabeth shook her head. "I was very pleased and very proud of the picture," she

said. "I was particularly proud that I was able to get through it. I know Mike would have been proud of it and my performance, too.

"But I don't think I'll be nominated for an Academy Award. I haven't seen any of the other performances, so I don't know how I stack up against them, but I do know there's a great deal of sentiment against me now because of the unfavorable publicity."

That was all. Not words to tear your heart to pieces—but perhaps the first words Liz Taylor has spoken in a long time with which we could agree.

She was probably predicting very well.

And your first reaction is no doubt: "And serves her right, too."

But when you stop and think about it—that isn't quite fair. (Continued on page 76)

Cary and Betsy Grant sat quietly together on the patio of their Beverly Hills home. It was an usually warm night and neither wanted to remain indoors. But aside from the discomfort of the oppressive heat, both were more relaxed, more compatible in each other's company, than they had been in months. There was no hostility, no hysterics. Just two intelligent, adult people seriously discussing a piece of paper on the table before them—a press release announcing their decision to separate after nearly ten years of marriage. Betsy re-read it for the third time:

After careful consideration, and long discussion, we have decided to live apart. We have had and will always have a deep love and respect for each other, but, alas, our marriage has not brought us the happiness we fully expected and mutually desired.

So since we have no children needful of our affection, it is consequently best that we separate for a while.

Betsy handed the release to Cary. "This says all—that is anyone's concern—except ours. Don't you agree?"

Cary looked at the paper again. "No—something else should be added." And he wrote:

We have purposely issued this public statement in order to forstall the usual misinformed gossip and conjecture. There are no plans for divorce and we ask only that the press respect our statement as complete and our friends to be patient with and understanding of our decision.

Betsy smiled that sparkling pixyish smile with which Cary had first fallen in love.

"There will be misinformed gossip and conjecture, you know."

"Don't I know?" Cary smiled back wryly.

Then suddenly these two began laughing together as though they hadn't a care in the world. And they both realized that this was the first (Continued on page 64)

“Yes!

Betsy and

I may

reconcile!”



*Cary Grant sounded so hopeful when he made that statement,
we became curious why this couple ever broke up...
Perhaps we found the answer five years ago in Hong Kong...*

HOW TO

A

Here is the story—based on newspaper files and Lynn Bari's personal discussions with Modern Screen's West Coast Editor.



The story of the fight Lynn and her husband Dr. Nathan Rickles have waged to win back her son Johnny from Judy Garland and Sid Luft...



The trial was over.

The judge was ready to hand down his decision.

Standing before his bench, waiting to hear what he would say, were three people:

Sid Luft, the tall, stocky husband of singer Judy Garland.

Lynn Bari, the beautiful, piquant-featured movie star of a decade ago, formerly married to Luft.

And Dr. Nathan Rickles, a distinguished-looking, middle-aged psychiatrist, Lynn's present husband.

The trial had been short.

Luft had asked for the custody of his and

Lynn's ten-year-old son, Johnny. His grounds were that Lynn didn't love or want the boy, that she had shipped him off to a boarding school, that the boy was unhappy there. Were the boy given over to him and Judy, he said, they would see to it that he attended a fine day school and that he spent the rest of his time with a family—and not among a lot of strangers—in a house, and not in what amounted to an institution.

Lynn had countered with a few strong points of her own.

She loved her son, she said—loved him with all her heart.

She wanted him, she said—just as she had always wanted him. (Continued on page 79)

TEAR APART LITTLE BOY



Marlon
just
never
came
home



Marlon Brando had laid Hollywood at Anna Kashfi's feet. But he forgot the only thing she wanted: himself.

FROM the room in which she sat, Anna Kashfi could see the winking lights from the great San Fernando Valley on her right hand—and to her left, the dancing, thread-like jewels of Beverly Hills.

Ahead of her through the wide picture windows, lay the silent swimming pool, its floodlights playing softly on the lush flowering shrubbery surrounding it.

It was the night of her twenty-fourth birthday. She had married the crown prince of the American theater and he had, quite literally, laid Hollywood at her feet.

Literally—but not spiritually . . . for on the night of September 30, 1958, she was alone.

In the past year he had given her a pearl ring, a Siamese cat, a car, a joint bank account, a son, even his name: Mrs. Marlon Brando.

He'd rented—with option to buy—the most

beautifully located, most authentically decorated, Oriental style home in Hollywood. But he had not given her the only thing she really desired: his undivided attention.

Sitting in the silent living room, absently stroking the cat, Anna Kashfi's enormous brown eyes stared unseeingly at her possessions. Across the Japanese court garden behind her, small Christian Devi Brando slept peacefully while his mother took her first step to full mental maturity.

It cannot continue, she told herself. He will never take the final step. He'll say he cannot hurt me in that way. But he will never change. What I have now is all I shall ever have . . . and after twelve long months, I know I cannot endure this loneliness. So I must be the one to take that final step.

When Marlon finally came, Anna took that step. Marlon agreed to a (Continued on page 60)



(Continued from page 29) looked perfectly capable of dragging a sable coat casually across a nightclub floor.

But she didn't talk that way.

For this, her first fan magazine interview in a year and a half, she was speaking slowly and thoughtfully, choosing her words with care. From the very first, they were the words of a woman who has known tragedy and found she could meet it with dignity and courage; who has made great changes in her life and learned to live with them.

"What were these changes?" I asked.

Lana paused to consider. "When I was a girl," she said finally, "just starting out in movies, I was always surrounded by people. Always. I wanted it that way. I used to go out with people I actually detested—just to avoid being alone. Why? Because I was scared—insecure. I'd go to a nightclub with a crowd so that I could melt into the background—or even throw myself into the noise and the shouting—either way I wouldn't be noticed much. If something happened and I was left alone at home, I'd go crazy. I'd call in the laundry woman to talk to me—anybody, just to keep me from being alone.

"I guess it was around four years ago I began to get—bored. Tired of 'floating' all day and coming home exhausted. What for? I began to wonder why I did it. I began to think I didn't need it any more. "But it isn't possible to change—just like that. You have ties. But recently—now, you might say being alone is my own choice. Maybe circumstances have just made it easier. Even though I've been working awfully hard, I can manage to be alone. . . ."

The house to which Lana Turner comes home these nights is no mansion. The huge home in which she and Cheryl had lived together was sold as quickly as possible. Now when she leaves U-I, where *Imitation of Life* is being filmed, she drives through the quiet tree-lined streets of Beverly Hills, to one of the smaller houses in that area. She lets herself into a rented house with no air conditioning, and no swimming pool—just one bedroom, a small living room, a dining room she never uses, and a music room—probably the most important room in the house. She goes to it even before she kicks off her shoes, flips a switch and then sighs with relief—music is on.

Lana doesn't need the babble of people's voices anymore, the muted roar of a cocktail party—but she does need music—a few favorite records that repeat over and over for hours. If you're thinking of mood music, subdued violins, tear-jerking woodwinds—forget it. The music that fills Lana Turner's house these days is a cheerful blast—some people might call it an unholy racket—of Flamenco singing. The philosophy is simple. If you're feeling low when you come home, why put something on to make you feel worse? Music is for *changing* moods. Unless, of course, you're feeling good. In that case it makes you feel better.

Humming, she wanders through the house.

That, too, is good for mood-changing—provided you have a sense of humor. The house is decorated in what has been fondly called *Early Chaos*. There are the pieces that could hardly get in the door, like the huge silver and gold chest in Lana's white bedroom. There are the pieces that could hardly get into the rooms themselves—like the black and coral dining room furniture, the sofas, the tables—all scaled to Lana's huge, given-up man-

sion. Then there are the pieces that not even a miracle could have put down in the new house—those went to storage—and all over Hollywood. "Sure," Lana told everyone she knew. "You want some furniture? Go on over to Bekin's Storage; take what you want. Tell them I said you could." One ecstatic friend hired a decorator at twenty-five dollars an hour to go with him and make a selection.

There's nobody home in the Turner house but Lana. The maid, having fixed a dinner Lana won't eat anyway, has left for the night. Outside, the streets of Beverly Hills are silent and dark. A few years ago, a night like this would have sent her scurrying to the phone for companionship. Now—

"First," Lana said, "I take a long bath and scrape my face. Takes hours. Then I collect something to eat from the refrigerator—anything—and then I get into bed. With a script, usually. Or a book—I've got three going at the same time, mostly. And that's it. Oh—except for one thing."

What?

"The phone," she said sadly. "It's always ringing."

That is her life, five days a week. Dull, even for the average girl. In spite of what she said about choosing to be alone, it sounded impossibly dull for Lana Turner.

"I suppose the week end is different?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Very different. Very wonderful. On Sundays I see my family—my mother and my daughter. We go out for dinner and a movie, or a picnic or a drive or we just sit here and talk. It's a very special day. But Saturday—

"Saturday is the day I treasure."

I found out why she feels that way. On Saturday she sees no one, no one at all.

She wakes up at 5:30 a.m. because she simply can't help it. In robe and slippers she goes down to the refrigerator for juice. Then she climbs back into bed—

"And I come unglued. No make-up. No script. No friends. The maid comes in at 9:00 and her main job is to tell anyone who telephones that I'm not in. But none of my close friends call anyway. They know I want to be left alone. Mostly I stay in and read. I missed so many good books as a girl. I'm going to read them all. I used to paint; I'm going to start again, too. Sometimes I go for a drive or a swim or play golf.

"But always alone. I have to be. I live for that day all week. I don't even think about anything worrisome. Good, happy thoughts on Saturday—or no thoughts at all. I couldn't live any more without that one day when I belong to myself, when I don't have to watch every move, don't have to be 'on' all the time, the way I used to be.

"In a way," she said slowly, "that one day represents the way I'm living now. I know it sounds strange, to hide away like that. I know it isn't what people expect from Lana Turner. But—I think it's an important way to live."

I thought so too.

I had expected to find an unhappy woman, forced into a life for which she had no experience, no inclination—a social butterfly suddenly without society.

Instead, I found a person capable of taking her world into her own hands and molding it to suit her—into something fine and rare.

That was the way she lived. What sort of a woman is she, to be able to live this way?

Moody, perhaps?

"Well, yes. Sometimes I feel generally blue."

"Does everyone in town know about it?"

"Well, they do if they're expecting me somewhere. I don't know what it is with me—when I'm moody, I get late for everything. Everything. I'm already to go wherever it is, you see. Make-up on, all dressed—and then I start to spook around. I pick things up. I put them down. I look for things I don't need. I make up things to keep me from leaving. Just spooking around—I can use up hours that way. It's terrible."

What if she's furious at someone—burning mad? What then?

There was a friend of Lana's, sitting in at the interview. He stared at her blankly for minutes. Then he said, "You know, I can't ever remember seeing you mad. It's ridiculous. Don't you ever burn up?"

Lana shook her head mournfully. "I'm a taker. I can't help it. I take and take and take, but I can't hold a grudge." She brightened. "But I have been mad. Twice in my life," she said proudly, "I have slammed a door."

Did she feel marvelous afterwards?

"No. Embarrassed. Mostly it seems, when I'm mad, I just get quiet. I didn't even know it till recently. A friend told me that he's watched me. I get silent—dead silent—and my eyes disappear into little narrow slits. It must be horrifying. I suppose it's useful, though. It lets the person I'm mad at know about it. But sometimes I wonder—"

"What?"

"What it must be like," Lana said wistfully, "to throw something!"

And when she's happy—how do people know about that?

She turns into a clown.

She's capable of roaring with laughter when left stranded at a première by a dis-

ever wondered:

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appearing chauffeur while fans, clustered around her, bellow, "Hey, Lana, can't you afford a car?" She's not only capable of practical jokes, but addicted to them. She has been known to catch friends taking off for Europe with a last-minute phone call to the airport: "You cannot leave, sir. Miss Turner just tripped over a telephone wire, broke her leg and is calling for you." Her conversation at such times is full of laughter, of wide gestures, of mimicry. She will go into sudden, riotous pantomimes. Lana at a luncheon interview with laryngitis, trying to listen intelligently, swallow her food, locate her voice and answer the questions, all at once. She gets back some of the old zest for the big display, a party, a premiere. As long as it's only once in a while, it can be fun. And then she's completely different. She draws herself up. Every inch the movie star. Everything changes. Even her walk changes. She spends her evenings then with friends, old friends—her hairdresser, others she has known for years. They sit on the floor and play gin rummy. At present she owes make-up man Del Armstrong \$4,000.00. It doesn't worry her. By a complicated system of bookkeeping, he simultaneously owes her \$6,000.00.

And dates?

"A few. We go out for dinner somewhere quiet, or for a drive up the coast or to a barbecue or just to sit home."

And the future?

"Well, I'm now a free-lance actress. And there's my own company—I'm reading scripts like mad for that. I already own six." With parts for Lana?

"No. Why is everyone writing movies for men? Why doesn't someone write one for a woman? Anyway, they're good scripts. And one for me could come up any time. The most important thing is, I don't have to do anything for a few weeks after *Imitation of Life* is finished. I'm going on vacation, down to Acapulco. I'm building a house down there." She crossed her fingers. "Maybe it'll be ready the first of the year. I'm going to live there, you know, not in Hollywood. It's a wonderful house."

The interview was coming to an end; Lana had to be somewhere for dinner. At the door I thanked her, then turned back.

"That house in Acapulco—is it in the middle of a big colony?"

"No," she said. "It's all by itself on a hill—I own the whole hill. I told you," she said, "I'm not afraid to be alone."

Or anything else, I thought. Why should she be? Anything that can be handed out, she can take and survive—and come out on top. If anyone in the world has proved that, it's Lana Turner. The laughter hasn't turned sour, the beauty hasn't gone pale. She can handle the bad things the world has to offer far better than most.

It's time some of the good ones came her way. She deserves them. **END**

Watch for Lana in *IMITATION OF LIFE* for U-I.

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The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical", caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex".



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here... Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of exclusive Perstop*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

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plus tax.

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

Marlon just never came home

(Continued from page 57) divorce and the Brando marriage was ended, only twelve days before its first anniversary.

Friends, informed the following day, did not wonder "... Why?" so much as "... What brought it to a head?"

Actually, nothing—and everything!—brought it to a head, because this was a romance that should never have led to marriage in the first place. It was a marriage that began to die two days after the ceremony.

There never were two people less right for each other, yet it seemed that fate always played a role at the crucial moment. Marlon would be intensely difficult to be married to—but (to a writer who knows them both) Anna is no angel, either. And as it turned out, their faults were exactly the right ones to cause the maximum difficulty in their marriage.

"Anna has no roots, no home, no people to turn to," says a friend of both. "As a result she clung to Marlon. She expected him, overnight, to turn into a husband, to come home each evening at the same time, to sit by her side every minute, telling her how beautiful she was."

Because Anna is a woman of very firm likes and dislikes, it was no secret that she didn't enjoy all of Marlon's friends. "But then," Anna told me frankly, "he didn't like a lot of mine. I can't say this was a vital part of our disagreements."

Many friends in both camps of the unhappy young couple, believe that Anna's jealousy was the main root of the trouble. "She was resentful of Marlon's men friends, jealous of every woman in his past whether it was a girlfriend or just someone he'd once met casually. Anna rejected his moods, his need for solitude, his desire for work, his independent interests," they say. "She even thought his encouragement of her clay sculpture—she is very talented—had an ulterior motive: if she were sufficiently absorbed in it, she'd stop feeling martyred when he was late coming home."

So, from the very beginning, there were misunderstandings. Anna was sensitive, wounded by anything and everything; Marlon, convinced he was going to be a bad husband, never gave himself a chance. He was harassed by tears and complaints—no matter what he did or didn't do—and eventually lost patience and went back to his old life.

He failed to show up for dinner, failed to telephone, ignored Anna's evident dislike of his friends and shrugged aside her unhappiness. Shortly, Hollywood was whispering that the Brandos had made a pact: if Marlon would come home three nights a week, he could do as he chose the rest of the time. It wasn't true, but Anna was hurt by the implications, nevertheless.

Marlon in a mood

Marlon did begin dropping in at the Club Renaissance fairly often, and in unpredictable moods.

"Sometimes he'd find friends or play chess," says owner Ben Shapiro. "Sometimes he'd sit in with the musicians and work the drums for a while. Other times, he'd go off to the back room, drink coffee and stare into space. If you tried to talk to him, he'd be terse to the point of rudeness. Our waitresses ... they get to know a lot about people in their business ... could always tell when he'd had a tiff. But he never brought Mrs. Brando with him—not even on the good nights."

One disastrous consequence of Marlon's apparent indifference to his wife was that she learned how to spend money!

Before and during the first months of their marriage, Anna Kashfi was in love

with domesticity. She knitted exquisitely, designed her own clothes and made them with a professional touch. She shopped excitedly in Orbach's or the May Company for bargains.

At first, she cooked Indian curries and spent much of her spare time sculpturing.

Later, with time hanging heavy on her hands due to Marlon's constant absences, she began to listen to friends who taught her the delights of spending money.

With Pier Angeli and Phyllis Hudson, she lunched at Romanoff's, shopped at Saks or Magnins. At Don Loper's in one afternoon she bought half a dozen dresses; one of them cost \$995.

Eventually she spent so freely that Marlon, notoriously a generous man, told a friend in a burst of confidence that Anna was getting him in pretty deep.

"Why not put her on a regular monthly allowance?" the friend suggested sensibly, but Marlon was horrified. I never would humiliate her that way," he said.

Johnny Desmond tells of the Marlon who landed and asked: "Take me to Brigitte Bardot. I'll see your leader later."

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

Even after the birth of their son, matters did not straighten out. They named him Christian Devi Brando—but Marlon called him Christian, and Anna called him Devi.

To his friends and to Anna, Marlon has said he'll do anything and everything in his power to assure a safe happy future for his son. He hopes Anna may marry again more happily, is prepared to try for a firm relationship so that Christian Devi will never feel rejected or insecure.

"More than anything, I hope Anna and I can remain friends," he says. "If Anna could only have grown up mentally—if she could only accept life as it is, and my life particularly—perhaps there'd have been a chance for us. As things were, there was never any chance at all. I don't know how to be a husband, and she hasn't yet learned to be a wife—but I know she'll mature, and I think there's a real basis for a fine friendship between us."

What is Anna's reaction to this? "Motherhood is the greatest experience of my life," she told me quietly. "Love—everybody needs it. I do not know that I shall marry again, I have not thought about it—but it's possible, of course."

Despite their love for their son, neither Anna nor Marlon would ever try to revive their marriage. What lies ahead?

Currently Marlon is finishing out the lease of their house. The divorce settlements and details are quietly moving forward in the hands of their lawyers.

Anna and Marlon have the same business manager, who has recently been ill. Said one acquaintance, "Poor guy, of course he's ill at being square in the middle. He'll be cured when the divorce is final!" However, this isn't likely to be a greedy hassle over money. It's unlikely that Anna will demand the earth, and fairly certain that whatever she thinks fair, Marlon will give her.

Anna drives her copper-colored two-door Chevy to her daily ballet lessons, takes the baby with her in a car-cot for visits to friends or when marketing, and has little, if any, social life. Her rented Beverly Hills house has small rooms and an effect of coziness; she runs it with the aid of a cleaning woman every other day and Ruth, the Japanese nurse who also does some of the cooking and cares for

the baby when Anna is working in a film. Marlon visits at least every other day to play with the baby.

Newspapers report that Marlon is dating some of his pre-marital girl friends—Rita Moreno, for instance ... but perhaps some of this is only a rumor.

Both parents sternly refuse to permit pictures to be published of Christian Devi. Marlon says, as always, "My private life is private." Anna says, "Even though we are separated, I shall always respect Marlon's wishes for our son."

But I've seen pictures of Christian Devi—and an enchanting baby he is! He looks like Marlon, with a thatch of the softest, silkiest dark brown hair and the blackest eyes. He's a strong healthy child with a happy grin and a spark of humor. "Can't you issue just one 'official' photograph?" I begged.

Anna smiled at me. "I know it sounds absurd," she said gently, "but it's my husband's wish—and I'm afraid I agree with him. You see ... when something is very close to your heart, you do not want to share it casually."

Perhaps that's one of the basic faults in the marriage. Both Anna and Marlon, emotionally underprivileged, have never learned to be able to give freely, completely, casually. ...

Marlon met Anna Kashfi on the Paramount lot, immediately fell madly in love with her because she was quiet, gentle, foreign and breathtakingly beautiful.

Always interested in the Orient, he was charmed by Anna's blend of East and West ... the saris, the great luminous brown eyes, the Oriental deference of woman for conquering male.

But that was all there was; they never actually had anything whatever in common, and the romance would have died quietly and naturally but for the first of the tricks of fate.

Anna developed tuberculosis, was sent to the City of Hope Hospital where she would remain for five and a half weary months—and one of Marlon's better qualities is deep active sympathy for anyone in trouble. There was always a standing order for flowers to be delivered each morning—from the very first day.

At the end of each day's shooting, Marlon drove many miles to see Anna. There were telephone calls last thing at night and first thing in the morning—just to say 'hello' and 'keep cheerful!' and the moment of revelation was put off for both of them.

To Anna, ill, in a foreign country, with few friends, and abandoned by her family (she received not one word from her mother or stepfather O'Callaghan during this time) Marlon naturally became the center of her life. She was sure she was in love with him and, seeing his nicest side, that he was all she could want in a husband.

Dog-in-the manger

To Marlon, Anna was a beautiful girl whom he wanted to help, but when at last she was pronounced cured and released from the hospital, no longer in need of his sympathy, the romance began once more gently to die.

"They had love, but they never had any slightest understanding of each other," says a close actress friend of both the Brandos. "It's perfectly incredible how at every important turning point, fate played on the faults in their basic natures to keep the thing going!"

"Yes," her husband agreed, "If Anna hadn't contracted TB ... and if, when she was cured, she hadn't met another man who made no secret of his interest in marrying her ... but Marlon is a dog-in-the-manger type. He can't bear to lose people!"

"They have to be around until he's ready to set them free," explained the actress. "So the instant it got about that Anna was in the middle of a serious romance . . . he had to get back into the picture, even though he'd already begun to realize their incompatibility."

And to get back into the picture, Marlon pleaded with Anna to join him for a week-end during filming on the desert location. Anna told friends, "I won't go. I could be a fool to give up my chance of happiness with X. Marlon is not serious. He's told me repeatedly that he will make a wonderful father but will be a terrible husband. He will never marry me, and I will never marry him."

But the next day . . . "Whoosh! Anna was on the plane," comments a friend sadly. "She thought of all the times he'd tried to cheer her up . . . and she went."

On October 11, 1957, they were married, and for the next twelve months, afraid to interfere and unable to crack the stubbornness of either Anna or Marlon, friends stood by helplessly and watched them destroy their marriage by a hundred wrong moves, wrong reactions, wrong words.

"The first disillusion came at the start of the marriage," a Hollywood columnist told me confidentially, "when Anna was bitterly hurt by the newspaper publicity showing her as a liar, a fraud, a beautiful opportunist who'd cleverly lured a wealthy man into marriage . . . and when her husband, whom she adored, *did nothing to protect her!*"

The truth is not shaming. Anna Kashfi is Eurasian—something much more difficult to surmount socially in England than here. Her mother was English, her father a Hindu. Nor is there any doubt of her mixed parentage when you meet her. From the silky dark brown straight hair,

huge brown eyes, lovely brunette skin, to her delicate hands and ankles, the grace of her movements, Anna Kashfi could never be anything but East Indian.

Recently a writer for the *Times of India* was visiting Hollywood and we talked of Anna Kashfi, who is as well known in Calcutta newspapers as in the American press. His statement:

"Anna Kashfi—in more ways than one—is as Indian as a rupee. She's Oriental in philosophy. She's also a Buddhist. She's got that gentle stubbornness that never gives in, the easily-wounded, doe-eyed approach to men. She *clings!* She's com-

John Saxon's definition of his success story: "From a coldwater flat to a Coldwater-Canyon mansion."

*Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post*

pletely unreal in her looks, personality, approach to marriage, life, everything!"

The whole ugly mess of 'Anna-Joanna-Kashfi-O'Callaghan' was a crushing blow. Marlon's stubborn policy of ignoring the press was never more ill-timed, because the person who paid for it was Anna.

One word from Brando that he knew the true story of his wife's background would have punctured the balloon of sensational stories flying around the world. Without such a word, Hollywood was agog at the thought he had been neatly duped.

For the first time, Anna Kashfi was to discover what it meant to be Mrs. Brando. In future, she, too would be controversial, misrepresented, always the target of rumors from misinformed to malicious, and it was a shocking introduction to any

marriage—

The behavior of her mother and stepfather O'Callaghan—in ignoring her when she was ill and breaking their necks to grab all the publicity possible when she 'married well'—was humiliating and unexpected. Anna could persuade herself she might have known they'd act that way, but it didn't lessen the hurt.

Now, married to the man she deeply loved, Anna took it for granted he would speak in her defense. When he failed, it was impossible for her not to wonder: was he angry because of the publicity thrown about his ears—was it really his dislike of publicity—or was he ashamed of the truth? Small wonder that Anna was afraid to press for his support.

The beautiful home he'd rented in an effort to please Anna with an Oriental background became only a house of tragedy, culminating in the accidental death of Anna's Japanese maid in the swimming pool, and haunted by the shadow of their many disputes and misunderstandings.

They never entertained, except for informal evenings with Marlon's old friends; they never gave a party; even such close friends as Ina and Peter Berneis who had been part of their wedding were invited to dinner only two or three times during the year.

The Brandos never went out to a restaurant or nightclub, never went dancing in public—although friends say they apparently enjoyed dancing together. Gradually, Anna put away her lovely Indian saris, brought them out only for special occasions and after much urging.

And always, there were the phone calls—for another result of Marlon's refusal to stand by his wife during the early publicity was that Hollywood was convinced this was a phony marriage. Women have always pestered Brando. Now they con-

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tinued to besiege him with chitchat and suggestive invitations. He could, and did, brush them off; Anna could not.

With her basic insecurity, how could she laugh away the times when feminine voices brazenly took her for a servant, left pressing messages for Marlon to call them, and ignored her existence?

A typical example was the estranged wife of a minor Hollywood actor who bombarded Marlon with calls, suggesting a date on which she would tell him that Anna didn't love him, had only married him because of his prestige.

When he firmly refused, she next called Anna to say, "I think you should know that Marlon has been begging me to date him. He doesn't love you at all, but until you step out of the picture, I don't want to go out with him or contribute to breaking up your home!"

Incredible? Not in Hollywood! Still, such incidents would be hard for any wife to take. To Anna, they were deeply humiliating—yet her protests only caused more disagreements, for if Anna lacked the balance to be able to take the rough spots, Marlon also lacked the patience to deal with this. "He is both stubborn and weak," is the way a friend puts it, "and always at the wrong moment."

Marlon's men friends—acting coach Sam Gilman, writer Carlo Fiore, actor John Saxon and the others—dropped in occasionally, but the talk always became a male evening, with Anna overlooked and silent in a corner. Sam Gilman's talk would be about promising starlets; Carlo Fiore would talk about his work on the script of Paramount's *Guns Up*—which Marlon mainly authored. But Anna was no part of the conversation—because she has no interest in other people's acting techniques, other people's scripts.

"At best, Anna Kashfi is a poor reader," says a clerk at Martindale's book store in Beverly Hills. "She's highly enthusiastic about colorful juvenile pictures for Chris-

tian or a romantic novel for herself. Anything that's escape-fiction. When Brando comes in, though, he wants the intellectual, even the somber—always educational or informative. You have the feeling that Anna doesn't wish to be informed on thoughtful subjects, prefers to be a housewife concerned with the latest cookery book or a volume on interior decorating."

Marlon alone

Today in the lonely Oriental house high in the hills on Mulholland Drive above Hollywood strip, Marlon Brando slips into one of his many imported silk kimonos . . . and walks in loneliness. He eats hurriedly, sparsely. His father is still his closest friend, most frequent visitor. Strewn on the floor of his heavy-carpeted den, replete with Far Eastern treasures collected over the years by owner Bob Balzer, are the Los Angeles papers and trade magazines.

To the press, Brando has said nothing; Anna made a short dignified statement that the marriage was over because it had not brought happiness, but no other woman was involved—and in so stating, was more loyal to her husband than he had been to her.

Anna Kashfi knows now—and she is first to admit it—that there's no going back, for either of them. In her case, retreat to the past would be a big mistake because now the future is all important. For herself, for Christian Devi—and for what she wants people to think about her.

Is Anna looking forward to a career of her own? Is she ambitious? "Not at all!" she told me, and added with a naughty glint in her brown eyes, "Of course, I always say I am going to become the world's greatest actress! Did you ever notice in these interviews, the people are always so modest? They say 'Of course I know I'm not very good,' and expect everyone to contradict them. Well I say I'm going to be great . . . just to be different!"

Truth of the matter is that Anna is astonishingly good as an actress, that Marlon was enormously proud—though surprised—at her abilities revealed in earlier pictures. In the just-finished forthcoming picture *Night of the Quarter Moon*, Anna is the second lead, playing with Judy Holliday, John Barrymore and Julie London.

"I play the part of a mulatto," she told me. "Julie London is also mulatto and a sort of cousin of mine who runs a nightclub, and she helps me with my romantic difficulties." As an afterthought, Anna says, "And I also dance. That was fun!"

But her eyes are lost, and her remarks are tentative and it's all too clear that she is making the best of what life has handed her.

Friends say she is only interested in proving that she can achieve something as herself, and without being Mrs. Marlon Brando, and that this, too, explains why she allows no photographs of the baby to be published.

To her close friend, photographer Ina Berneis who has taken dozens of pictures of Christian Devi Brando, Anna explains, "I don't want it to appear that I am getting publicity because I am the mother of Marlon Brando's son."

Perhaps the real tragedy in the Brando marriage is that with much in their favor, neither was mature enough to know how to handle it.

Convinced he could never be a good husband, Marlon never tried to learn; expecting a knight in shining armor, Anna couldn't settle for reality.

It's a sad story in which neither is more to blame than the other, and Hollywood . . . for once in a softened mood . . . hopes each will find happiness again later. **END**

Look for Marlon in Paramount's *ONE-EYED JACKS*.

Anna will appear in *NIGHT OF THE QUARTER MOON* for MGM.

farewell to a great star

(Continued from page 49) tragedy for Ty. He was looking forward to what he wanted most in the world—a son."

Henry King, who'd directed Ty's first screen test, uttered his wonder that such a brilliant career could come so abruptly to a close. "It seems incredible because Tyrone Power was a man surcharged with a love of life—"

Linda Christian, mother of Ty's two daughters, trembled, opening a letter Power had written the little girls. "Poor children," she whispered. "Poor children—"

So it was over. Within the week, a white-faced, pregnant girl would bring her husband's body back to his own country, to California. Once the boy had run and laughed and dreamed his dreams in the shining sands beside the Pacific; now the man was coming home to sleep.

A sickly infant, Tyrone Power, born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on May 5, 1914, puzzled the medical profession by clinging to life. His father, a famous Irish actor fast becoming a famous American actor, moved the family to Los Angeles when Junior was still an infant. "The climate will be better for him—"

Tyrone, Sr. was right. The wilting baby bloomed. He lived in the open air, and grew brown and strong.

At eight, he appeared with his parents (his mother, Patia, was herself an actress) in the Mission play at San Gabriel, and after that, he knew what he wanted to do.

His parents separated. He and his sister

Ann went back to Cincinnati with their mother. Tyrone, Sr. went off about his career. But the day Tyrone, Jr. got out of high school, he said, "No college for me, Mother. I want to be an actor."

She wasn't surprised. She wished him well, and sent him to join his father who was making a movie called *The Miracle Man* at Paramount. Tyrone the younger hung around, admiring, learning the ropes.

One night, the two Powers came home from the set, spent a quiet evening, went to bed. A few hours later, the boy was shocked out of sleep by a strangling sound. He rushed to his father's side. The older man died in his son's arms.

After that, Hollywood turned sour. Ty was lonely for his father, and he couldn't beg a job. A man named Arthur Caesar advised him to go to New York. "That's where you'll get experience—"

He got experience all right. He found out you could make a cup of coffee last all afternoon at a cafeteria, on days when the weather was just too cruel to walk around in. He found out that cardboard's nearly as good as leather on the bottom of your shoes, except when it's raining.

Before the contract

And he found out that some big-shots have hearts. Katherine Cornell, remembering the father, took pity on the son, and gave him small parts in her productions of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Joan of Arc*.

He was incredibly handsome, a fact noted by movie magnate Darryl Zanuck, who signed him to a Fox contract. Twenty-one when he made *Girl's Dormitory*, Ty only had a bit, but the fan mail poured

in. With *Lloyds of London* he became a full-fledged star. Maybe he was stiff, maybe he was stagey, maybe his diction was too careful, but he was gorgeous to behold, and the public adored him.

He drove himself. With each picture, he grew as an actor. "Work is my passion," he said, "my beloved mistress who takes all I have to give and who's welcome to it."

At twenty-five, Ty discovered work wasn't enough. He met Annabella Carpentier when they were making *Suez*, and they married, even though the fact that she was a divorcée meant they couldn't have a Catholic ceremony. Ty was Catholic, he'd hoped for the blessing of his church, but he needed Annabella.

"This woman's helped me discover in myself more than I've ever been able to find alone," he said. For a time, the Powers were blissful. Then, with World War II, Ty enlisted in the Marines. When he came back, his marriage was over. Nobody knew what had happened, except that the war had changed Ty. He was nervous, restless, confused, no longer satisfied to lead the kind of life which suited his wife. He and Annabella had no children. Fretful and childless, why should they stay together? Regretfully, they parted.

In 1948, freedom was his idea. "Nothing else matters!"

He didn't change his mind until he met Lana Turner, who handed him her whole generous heart. "He's the only man I ever loved," she said, and, in the background, Ty beamed, apparently content.

As a last gesture, a kind of final stretching of wings before he allowed those wings

to be clipped again; Ty took off on a jaunt around the world. In Rome, he met Linda Christian, and that settled that. He surrendered his new-found freedom not to Lana, but to Linda.

In 1949, they were married. Linda'd told a friend she wanted a quiet wedding. "No expensive trousseau. No champagne. No crowds. A simple white dress and the mantilla my mother wore at her wedding."

The actual event was more like a scene from a Cecil De Mille movie. The simple white dress cost a thousand dollars, crowds rioted outside the church screaming, "Ty il Magnifico," and "Viva Linda," and inside the church twenty-five choir-boys sang to the music of a specially installed electric organ, while photographers hid among great banks of flowers.

Tyrone wanted a son, but in 1951, Romina was born, and the proud father forgot he'd had a prejudice against girls. Without children, he'd felt incomplete; being a father made him alive in a whole new way. His second daughter, Taryn, was born in 1953; and in 1954, the Power marriage ended. This time, it was the lady who'd got restless. Ty paid her off as generously as he'd paid off Annabella—each ex-Mrs. P. was reported to get \$50,000 a year—and declared he was through with wedlock. "Nothing could make me try it again—"

Against the advice of almost everybody, Ty appeared in a stage adaptation of *John Brown's Body*. "They'll ruin you," said know-it-alls. "They always crucify Hollywood people." He couldn't be shaken. "I'm tired of the trappings of success, and none of the enjoyment—"

And he was right. Afterward, he could sit back and read tributes such as Walter Kerr's, in the New York Herald Tribune. "Power reveals an exciting capacity for ferreting out the precise meaning of a fleeting image, and a crisp, graphic talent for communicating his vision to an audience," wrote the often razor-tongued Kerr. "So far from being a motion picture mask, he is an actor of considerable variety."

Ty traveled. He played theatres in Dublin and London. He had a romance with Swedish actress Mai Zetterling, and he bought a yacht named *The Black Swan* (after a picture he'd made fifteen years before) and he wore white shirts embroidered with black swans, and when he said he was having fun, most people would have believed him.

But there was something missing. He had secret fantasies about a woman who wouldn't be an actress, but would only belong to him. Of a son who would bear his name, and be the theater's fourth Tyrone Power.

Then he met Debbie Minardos. She was twenty-six, a divorcee. She came from a small town in the South 'where everybody knows everybody and we don't even have numbers on the houses.' She was content to listen when he talked, to go home when he was tired, to laugh when he was happy.

With their dark hair, their dark eyes, Power and Debbie looked alike, and some people thought they were related. "Thank goodness we're not," sighed Debbie, an honest woman, honestly in love.

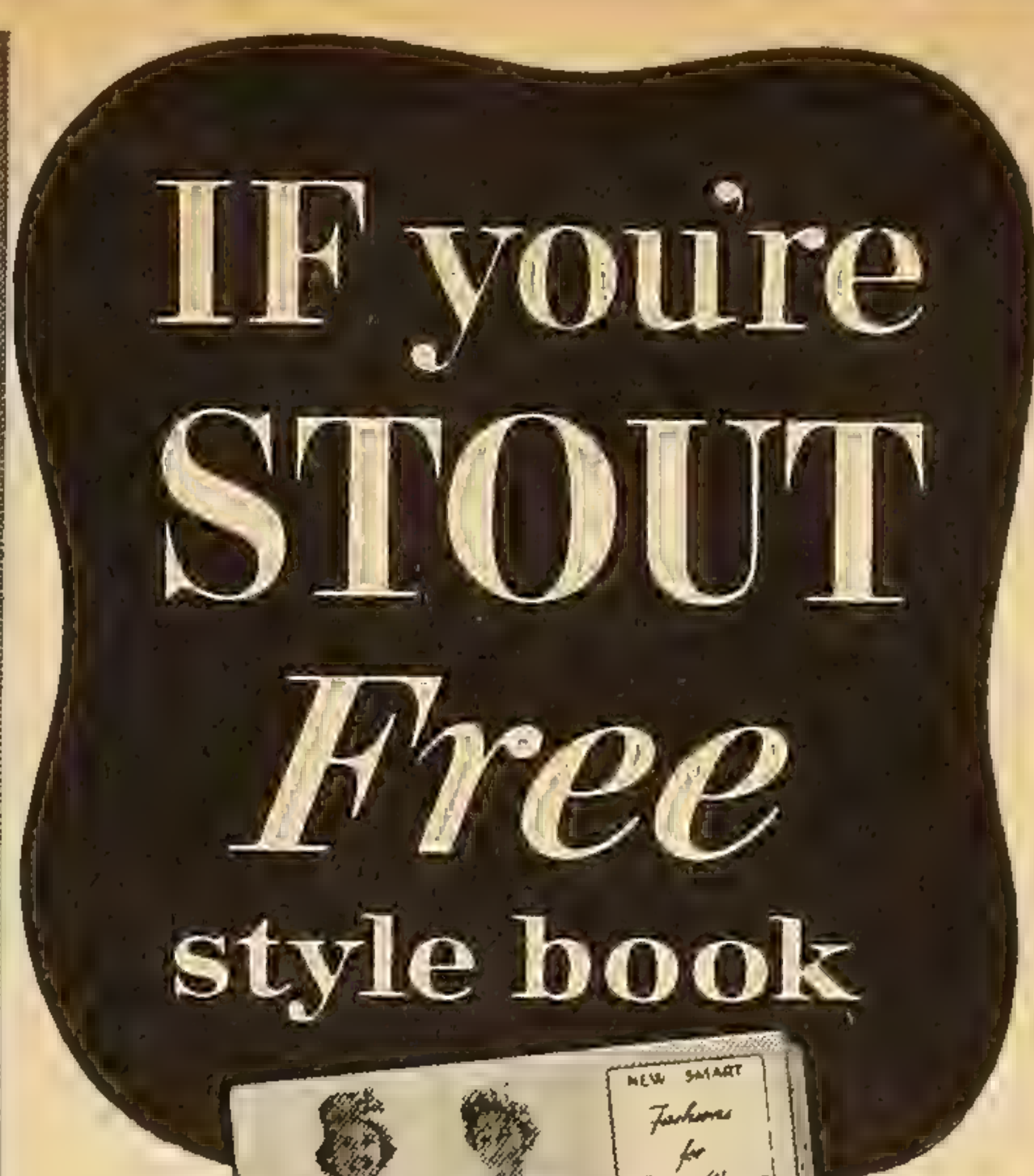
They were married on May 8th, 1958, in Tunica, Mississippi. "She's different," he said, wonder in his voice. "She has no ambitions, she doesn't care about expensive clothes or jewelry."

"He's beautiful," she said. "Every way there is, he's beautiful."

The location trip to Spain for *Solomon and Sheba* was to be in the nature of a prolonged honeymoon for Ty and Debbie, who planned side trips to Italy and Switzerland. From Spain, where she first dis-



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covered she was pregnant, Debbie wrote her family, *I pray for a boy*.

Read what you will into the line, the fervor was probably more for Ty than for herself. Debbie might have welcomed a child of either gender, but Ty's almost mystical need to sire an heir had moved her.

They chose a name for the boy to come. Tyrone William, he'd be, after Ty's father, and Billy Wilder.

Debbie seldom stirred from her husband's side. As a joke, the producers of *Solomon and Sheba* put her in one scene, playing a concubine. "I don't give a hoot about acting," she said. "You're always underfoot anyway," they said. "May as well get paid for it."

A few weeks before Ty died, he'd had a heart checkup. Studio officials say now that there had been 'some concern about his health,' but that 'no one dreamed his life was in danger.'

Always, he'd been vulnerable to cold, and this winter, the cold in Madrid was bitter. He'd had an attack of dysentery, from which he seemed recovered, but even so, Debbie worried. On the morning of November 15th, when he left for work, she made him promise to come back to the hotel for lunch. There was no premonition of disaster here, only an anxious wife who didn't like her husband's color, who wanted to make sure he wouldn't overdo.

The scene they were shooting that day was a duel between Ty and George Sand-

ers. In bare feet, on an icy stone floor, the two men went to work, while all around them actors in flimsy costumes shivered, their breaths frosting the air.

Earlier, Ty had complained of a pain in his left arm and his abdomen, but he'd gone on working anyway. Suddenly he stopped, waved his hand in a 'cut' signal, sagged against a wall. His make-up man and friend, Ray Sebastian, loosened his breast plate, and held a bottle of brandy to his lips. Power was too sick to his stomach to swallow the drink.

Producer Richmond got him to Gina Lollobrigida's car, and to the hospital. Ty never recovered consciousness.

In Paris, Linda Christian said her astrologer had warned her that Ty would meet sudden death.

In London, Ava Gardner 'collapsed with grief.'

In Madrid, Deborah Power sat by herself, as the afternoon shadows deepened around her. Because she was young, and carrying a child, she would recover, she would go on. Because she had shared that passion for living which was Tyrone Power's greatest strength, she would learn to be happy again. But for a little while, all the lights in her world had gone out; she was alone in that grey place, and afraid.

For all of us, a light has gone out. Tyrone Power was a gentleman and an artist. He was, to use his wife's word, beautiful, with a spirit both fierce and eager. He could be killed, but never beaten. **END 63**

yes! Betsy and I may reconcile

(Continued from page 52) time in months they were able to laugh together. It was as though a burden had been lifted and they had broken out of some invisible prison.

Alas, they had admitted to the world, *our marriage has not brought us the happiness we expected and desired.*

The whole truth was, that for nearly two years, Betsy and Cary had been utterly miserable—together and individually.

It is no longer any secret that while Cary was in Spain making *Pride and the Passion*, he had fallen passionately in love with his co-star, Sophia Loren. Betsy knew about it, understood, but asked him to think it over. Sophia, then single, dissuaded him. He withdrew his request for a divorce, but he also withdrew more and more within himself. He'd stalk into his den and put a figurative Do Not Disturb sign on his door, and Betsy didn't dare enter. Instead she retreated into her own hobbies. She began to write and paint and learn to cook. But Cary showed a complete lack of interest in what she was doing. When a newspaperman asked him what Betsy was doing about her writing, he said, "I don't know what her plans are. I haven't discussed them with her." Other times, he became impatient with her hobbies. He grew tired of her attempts to cook a turkey dinner "when she can't decide which is the bow and which is the stern of the bird," and tired of her penchant for lugging home armloads of books and leaving them heaped on tables and beds and chairs. "Do I," Cary protested, "have to bulldoze my way through a hill of books each time I want to sit or lie in bed?" There were other little things which irritated Cary during this strained period. Things that he'd have been amused by ordinarily. There was that time Betsy was on a photography kick and had littered the house with light meters, film hangers and bottles of chemicals. After Cary had tripped over his wife's tripod a few times, he angrily remarked: "I suggest from now on you take up hobbies that don't take up so much space. Why don't you try writing on the head of a pin?"

Marriage on Cary's terms

But still they kept the marriage together. Betsy accepted the marriage on Cary's terms. She tried to put up with her husband's whirlwind moods and tempers and his long absences when he went off to make a picture. She put up with his glowering silences and worse, and used her hobbies for a substitute for the husband she didn't really have. She even returned to acting—although during the early days of her marriage she had said she had hated acting and was delighted to give it up in order to be just a wife and homemaker.

In this manner, two miserable people remained together. Then they finally let go of a marriage that was no marriage at all.

There was, over a period of months, the misinformed gossip and conjecture they had hoped to—but really didn't think they could—avoid. But during these very same months there were also very accurate reports of frequent meetings and dinner dates, and Cary's brief but hopeful reply to a columnist who asked if a reconciliation could be possible, "It could be."

A friend of Cary's and Betsy's recently told us of an incident in Cary's life, the remembrance of which may have possibly resulted in the Grants' decision to separate, and which may conversely result in the salvation of the marriage. . . .

It happened five years ago, soon after Cary decided to retire from the movies.

He and Betsy were on a trip around the world on a tramp freighter.

On the last leg of the trip, they stopped off in Hong Kong.

Some friends had asked them to look up the Bainbridges, a widowed American mother and her daughter. The father had been a missionary there.

Mrs. Bainbridge had suffered from a paralysis of sorts. None of the doctors could put their finger on it. Some even suggested it was psychosomatic.

One afternoon Cary telephoned the daughter, Beverly, and asked her to meet him for tea.

Her voice on the phone had sounded old and weary and he was surprised to find she was such a pretty girl.

A young girl trapped

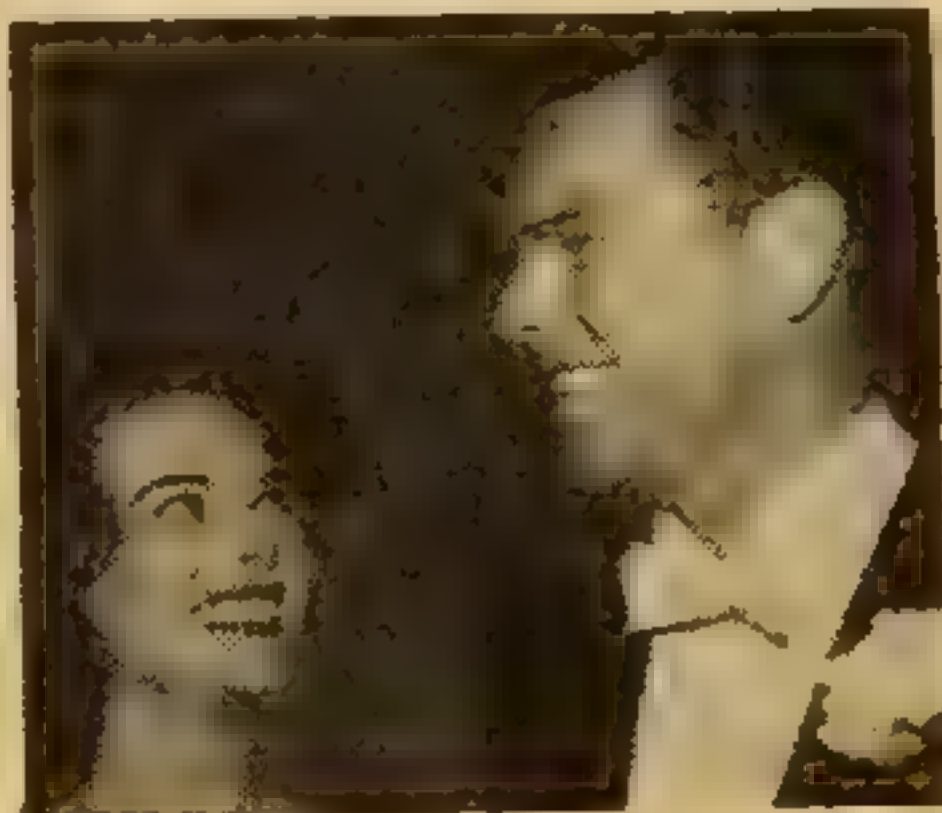
"Tell me," Cary poked around for an opening in their conversation, "How old are you?"

"I'll be twenty next week," she answered.

"And do you like Hong Kong?"

He sensed she was embarrassed—it took so long for her to answer him.

Finally she said, "Oh, I like it enough."



SORRY, NAT AND BOB

This magazine tenders its apologies to you for the item printed

on page 82 of our April issue.

The incident described was to the effect that prior to their marriage, Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood had arranged for a date. When Mr. Wagner appeared at Miss Wood's residence, we reported that she had arranged for Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier and Senor Luis Angel Firpo to accompany them on their date. We are informed that this incident never occurred and Mrs. Wagner has never even met any of the three individuals above mentioned.

Again let us offer our apologies for any embarrassment or annoyance the article may have caused you.

THE EDITOR

It's nice but I don't have a chance to see much of it.

"I'm very busy with Mother. Matter of fact, I'm cheating on her now, being here with you. I should be upstairs in our room, waiting for her to get up from her nap. She likes me to have tea ready and then read aloud to her for a while."

"Is this," Cary asked, "the way you spend your time every day?"

Sighing, Beverly said, "Yes, every day." "Have you ever thought of getting away, of leaving Hong Kong?"

"I . . . I . . . I guess I have . . . but that's a wild dream," she said sheepishly. "After all, I'm Mother's only flesh and blood, and now that she can't be moved, I've reconciled myself to staying here."

Lowering his voice, Cary asked, "But is this all you want to do with your life?"

She didn't answer him.

"I'm not trying to pry," Cary said. "But I've promised our mutual friends back home I'd bring them your news. They're anxious about you."

Beverly blushed. After another awkward moment of silence, she picked up the small handbag from her lap and said,

"Thank you for the tea, Mr. Grant. I'm afraid it's time to leave. Mother will surely be awake, and I must look after her."

He left the hotel and walked along the cobbled Hong Kong streets looking in all the shop windows.

Cary wandered through the stores and bought Christmas gifts for Betsy—a pair of hand-embroidered slippers, a dozen silk chiffon scarves in every color of the rainbow, a red woolen nightcap and a pair of dangling jade earrings for good luck.

But it was in a cheap, secondhand book-stall that Cary found a book he would be reading for years to come. Obviously he had seen the book a hundred times on newsstands or stores in America, but finding it here, in a dusty shop in the land of Confucius and Oriental philosophy intrigued him. That night Betsy stayed up wrapping Cary's presents. Cary went to bed and began reading his book.

When Betsy came into the bedroom, it was past midnight. Cary was still reading. She asked him what was so engrossing, and he lifted up the book for her to see the title—*The Power of Positive Thinking* by Norman Vincent Peale.

Cary read it all night long.

Does a book alter a person's life? Cary says life is a combination of circumstances that build up to different climaxes. In this case, perhaps it was the book that sparked the decision which changed his life.

The book stressed the importance of helping yourself. When Cary gave up his film work in 1953 he was miserable. There was little demand in Hollywood for the elegant, charming, sophisticated gentlemen Cary spent his life portraying.

But, hard as he tried, Cary could never come to terms with being a playboy. He was a worker. All his life he had worked; and now he missed it terribly.

If the book helped him at all, it was for this reason. Cary realized he had been thinking negatively in terms of the movies. He had been thinking negatively in terms of his retirement.

In a sense, he had jailed himself, jailed the happiness his work had given him.

But it was Beverly Bainbridge's confinement with her mother that drummed the lesson home. In trying to understand her, he began to understand himself.

That day, after he finished reading *The Power of Positive Thinking*, Cary called Beverly and asked her again for tea.

She refused.

"Tomorrow, then?"

"I'm afraid I won't be able to make it."

"I hope you didn't think me rude for asking you those personal questions," Cary said, "but I was only trying to help."

"Not at all," Beverly said softly. "It's just that Mother had a miserable night. She was shocked not to find me here yesterday afternoon. She panicked, and we had to have the doctor in to give her sedatives."

"Then," Cary said bravely—he dreaded facing Mrs. Bainbridge—"may I come and have tea with your mother and you?"

"Just a moment," she said, and he could hear Beverly asking her mother about it.

"Yes," Beverly said. "Mother says she'd be delighted to have some company."

That afternoon Cary took a taxi to the Bainbridges' hotel. Funny, he thought to himself, how we become interested in other people. Perhaps they help take our minds away from ourselves. Maybe it was because he had no children of his own that he was drawn to Beverly. There was a genuineness about her, an honesty which he liked. What mattered was that she free herself from her self-imposed jail sentence. . . .

Beverly's room looked onto a dark brick courtyard. Very little light came into the room. Cary shuddered to think of poor Beverly and her mother living in this

gloomy nighttime atmosphere all day long. Out of courtesy, Mrs. Bainbridge asked Cary a few questions about himself. But throughout most of their conversation, she nagged and moaned and complained. The world was doomed, she grumbled. The devil had finally taken over because we had all forgotten God. She spoke without any faith in her heart, without any hope.

The mother wasn't really sick. Cary was convinced of this after seeing her rant and rave. It was designed to keep her daughter chained to her bedside for the rest of her life. And with her raging vitality, Cary thought, no doubt Mrs. Bainbridge will live forever. . . .

Sick with depression, Cary left. He had gone there to help Beverly. And instead, Mrs. Bainbridge condemned the world in a vicious, relentless attack, and he had been afraid to answer back.

Poor kid, he thought. If I'm afraid to answer back, then she must be terrified.

He was more determined than ever to do something for Beverly. "Let's find her a job. If they're living in that awful dungeon of a hotel, then they need help," he told Betsy later that night. She has to look after her invalid mother, Betsy remarked.

"Let's find Beverly a job first, then let's see what Mrs. Bainbridge says. If you ask me, this old woman wants not only sympathy, she wants all she can get. I'm sure she knows jobs are scarce, and the idea of Beverly bringing home a paycheck . . . ? It'll be interesting to see what happens. . . ."

So Betsy and Cary checked with all the people they knew in Hong Kong—and came up with a possible opening. There was a great job in a textile house.

But when he phoned, Beverly said, "Oh no, I couldn't. Who'd look after Mother?"

But in the background he heard Mrs. Bainbridge asking about the job: the hours, the money it would pay.

Cary told Beverly he didn't have the details. If she was interested he would tell her whom to contact herself. "And, Beverly," Cary added, "I know I'm a stranger, with little—in fact no right to tell you what to do. But I'm certain you can find a good native nurse to take care of your mother—at a low fee—when you're away. It may be hard for the first week or so—but she'll adjust to it. And once you get out into the world—you'll be a different and much happier person. But nobody can make up your mind for you. You'll have to want your freedom, desperately, deep down inside. If you want it badly enough then maybe you'll begin to unlock all that anguish imprisoned in your heart. For Beverly, dear," he concluded, "we are all our own jailers."

"I think . . . I think I know what you mean," she answered. "Thank you—so much."

Later that day Cary sent a messenger to Beverly's hotel with three brightly wrapped gifts: the gayest and prettiest of all the chiffon scarves he had bought, a package of rare and expensive tea—for Beverly's mother—and his copy of *The Power of Positive Thinking*.

The next day Cary and Betsy sailed from Hong Kong. On board, Cary had time to think about the advice he had given Beverly. He too, had to follow it. He had been jailed himself long enough. No one had told him to retire from the movies. He had done it himself.

He began thinking positively. *Think films*, he told himself, *think work*.

No sooner did the freighter dock in San Francisco than director Alfred Hitchcock called and asked him to star in *To Catch a Thief*. His positive thinking had paid off. He wondered about Beverly and how she was faring.

When he returned from location shooting in France, he found a letter from Hong Kong awaiting him. It was from Beverly:



shave lady?
don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way...

with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never have a trace of nasty razor stubble! *Always* to neaten underarms, *everytime* to smooth legs to new smoother beauty, and *next time* for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet?

Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the beautiful way.



Dear Mr. Grant:

I don't know how to begin telling you this but I do know without your help it could never have happened.

Mother insisted I take the job you mentioned since we were in dire financial straits, and once I began working—well just as you said: I became another person. Suddenly I felt wanted by the world and I didn't have the pressure from Mother now that we had a nurse.

One evening Victor Daly—my boss—asked me out. He's a young man who inherited the business from his father and he was lonely here. We had many common interests and we began attending movies, and concerts every Sunday. Suddenly we had fallen in love. He's just given me the most beautiful emerald and we are planning to be married soon.

Mother hasn't taken to the marriage idea but I learned that I can't lose my life looking after her every minute of the day. Fair is fair! After we're married Victor suggests we move her to a lovely invalid home by the sea where she'll have the finest doctors caring for her.

I promise to send you snapshots of the wedding if you can't be here.

Your eternally grateful,
Beverly Bainbridge

Cary read the letter and grew pensive. Life was one round-robin of giving and taking. On her birthday he had extended himself to a young girl who seemed doomed to a drab and miserable exist-

ence; now a new life was blossoming for her.

All he had given Beverly was a push, and in doing so he had found the impetus to go back to work, to release himself from a prison of his own making.

Much had happened to Cary in the five years since he had left Hong Kong—including greater success and popularity than he had ever known. The incident with Beverly was almost forgotten. Then at the height of his marital problems, he received a card from her—announcing the birth of her first child. On it she had written:

I never knew there could be such happiness. Again, thank you.

It is possible that as Cary read the card he remembered the lesson he had learned, and his words, *We are our own jailers*.

For, by holding tight to a relationship that could bring neither peace nor happiness, weren't he and Betsy inflicting a sentence of doom upon themselves? . . .

And wasn't separation the only possible answer, because through separation he and Betsy might achieve the emotional freedom with which to apply that second lesson learned in Honk Kong: the power of positive thinking. . . .

While involved with their problems, they could only think negatively. They tried to save their marriage by concentrating on what was wrong with it. And matters become worse. Now they may finally have a chance, by clearly remembering all the things that were right.

And we sincerely hope that Cary and Betsy will take that chance, and find that things are right!

END

Cary will soon appear in NORTH BY NORTHWEST for MGM.

I'm lonely

(Continued from page 38) brother Don's '52 Chevy and drove around for a while.

What to do? I was bored with myself. But I had a prayer in my heart, and so I drove back to the church that Sunday night for the Youth Fellowship meeting, and I hoped God would make my prayer-wish come true.

She was there!

"My name is Phil," I told her, and I guess she was a little embarrassed by my boldness. But I couldn't help myself. I said how-do-you-do to her about three times, and I tried to make a stab at some conversation, but I goofed. I kept saying silly things like "It's a nice night, isn't it?" and "Feels like spring's in the air, doesn't it?" over and over again, and she kept looking at me with her searching brown eyes and saying, "Yes," in a sweet southern drawl.

Finally, we walked outside to the tree-lined street where the April winds whispered through the shiny new leaves, and I asked her where she lived.

"Not too far," she said coyly. "I'm taking the bus at the corner."

"I have my car with me," I said, boasting. I figured I had to impress her a little.

"Thanks very much," she said. "But I don't mind the bus, really I don't." She walked off and left me standing there.

After church the next Sunday, I went up to her and said hello. Soon as I saw her I melted, and I started rambling and forgetting my carefully rehearsed speech about asking for a date with her for next Saturday.

Finally I heard myself saying "... You coming tonight to the Youth Fellowship ice cream supper?"

"No," she answered in her soft voice. "We're having company, and I promised Mom I'd help."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I guess I won't be seeing you. But how about next Saturday night? I thought maybe we could go out to a movie ... ?"

She knew it wasn't proper to talk about dating right then and there after the church service. She said, "Why don't you call me after school tomorrow, and we'll see about it, huh?" Smiling, she gave me her telephone number. I didn't even write it down. I memorized it on the spot.

I called and we set the date. I didn't have much money so we went to the movies and saw a rerun of *East of Eden* with Jimmy Dean and Julie Harris, and then we drove to a drive-in for a hunk of pizza pie.

Suddenly, it was time for me to take her home, and I couldn't figure out where the time had gone to. We got along so well, and we found we had so much to talk about—Youth Fellowship, movies (she liked Alec Guinness, but I was crazy for Marlon Brando) and country music (she hated it, but I argued with her) and food (which we agreed we were both nuts about).

"Where's the car?"

I asked her for a date next Saturday night, and she accepted. But I couldn't get the car. Don was courtin' his bride-to-be, Sue, and they wanted the Chevy.

I took the bus to her part of town. She lived eight miles from our house in Nashville. First thing she said was, "Where's the car?"

I explained Don was using it.

"But I thought it was yours," she said.

"Well, sort of," I told her. "But he's my brother," I explained.

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

I became uneasy, and I stammered, "Take ... take the bus to town and see a

good movie and then maybe get some. ..."

"Oh," she said despondently, "it's such a long ride with the bus, isn't it? You know busses. They take forever to get anywhere."

"You won't mind it," I said apologetically. "Honest. You'll see. We'll talk and crack some jokes and before you know it, we'll be there."

She was unhappy about it all, I could tell. I wished I could have hired a taxi, but it would have cost a fortune for a cab to drive us in to town.

"How about a neighborhood movie?" I asked her.

"No," she said. "I have an idea. Let's stay in and watch TV ... !"

From then on, she always asked me over the telephone if I was going to pick her up in the car, and I never wanted to let her down. I never dated her unless I knew I could have Don's Chevy.

But we got along wonderfully. We both liked to talk and go to the movies. Both of us flipped for spaghetti with meatballs, and we'd go to a hole-in-the-wall Italian restaurant in the heart of Nashville for a meal after the picture show.

A hobby for tramps

One May night we talked about our futures in that rose-lighted restaurant with its stained white tablecloths. She told me she wanted to go to college to become an important lady lawyer. I told her I wanted to sing.

"Sing?" she said. "That's not an occupation. Singing's more like a hobby."

"It's hard," I explained, "to get started, but my brother and I, we like it, and we want to stick at it and see if any good luck'll come our way."

I told her we'd been singing and plucking a guitar since we were kids in short pants when we toured the country with our folks, playing in all kinds of small towns in the South. It was lots of fun meeting all the different people. Most of the time, the people were very kind and would go out of their way to be nice.

"Isn't ... isn't it like living the life of ... of a tramp?" she asked. I tried to tell her it wasn't, but she acted as if I didn't know what I was talking about.

After we finished our spumoni dessert, we drove the long way home. The night was gentle with the sweet scent of lilacs. We talked about easy things—the comic strips (Blondie and Dagwood were our favorites) and shutterbugs (she was, I wasn't) and ... love.

When we parked outside her house, I took her in my arms and kissed her and I told her how much I liked her. She told me she was glad.

All through those long, golden days of summer we dated. One moonlit night I asked her to go steady, and she told me she wanted to think about it. Three days later—and it gripped me a little that she took so long—she said okay.

We met for a date that night, but I couldn't get Don's car. There was some carburetor trouble with it, and he wouldn't let me drive it. So she and I had to take the bus and this bothered her, but I gave her my high school ring.

We went to a dance party that night at her girlfriend's house, and all through the evening she avoided me. Maybe she was embarrassed because I was telling everyone we were going steady now. But I couldn't help it. I was so proud.

When I took her home, I asked her what was the matter.

"Nothing," she said.

"But you didn't pay any attention to me all evening. You only danced with me once."

"Just because we're going steady," she said, "doesn't mean we're married, does

it ... ?" I didn't say anything else.

All through the summer we went on swimming parties and picnic gatherings with our Youth Fellowship group and on Saturday night dates which are for kids in love only. We'd play Popeye on Saturday nights when I had the car. If I saw a car with one headlight on, then I rated a kiss. I did everything I could to please her, and she would tell me she liked me. But I never felt I could please her enough.

The birthday

Then, that August, when the dog-day heat was unbearable, I took a job as a part-time helper in a TV store to make some money for her eighteenth birthday. I earned twenty dollars for two weeks' work, and I saved every penny for our celebration. Her birthday fell on a Friday, the last day of the month, and I had made a date with her for eight o'clock that evening. I shaved and got dressed and went to a nearby flower shop and bought her a dozen long-stemmed roses for seven dollars. I was so happy I nearly burst.

I got to her house about an hour early. I rang the bell, holding the white, ribbon-tied box of roses behind me. Her mother came to the door and said, "Good evening," and I apologized for being a little early, but I told her mother I had a little birthday surprise.

Her mother said she wasn't home. She had stepped out for a while.

"Where'd she go?" I asked.

"I don't know," her mother told me. "Someone stopped by and picked her up for a little ride."

Every time a car turned the corner, my heart jumped, hoping it was her. Her mom and dad kept me company on the porch, and her mom kept asking if I wanted something to eat. But I wasn't hungry. I don't think I could have eaten if the best chef in the world had served me the fanciest dinner imaginable. All three of us, her mom and dad and myself, made small talk on the porch, and finally a brand new, two-toned Chrysler pulled up to the curb, and I heard her happy, laughing voice saying, "So long, Dexter. Don't forget now. Drive carefully all the way back to camp. And remember, you promised to write!"

The car sped off with a roar into the darkness. Smoothing her hair with her hands, she ran up the porch steps. When she saw me, she was taken aback.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm late. But I haven't seen Dexter since he was shipped overseas." Then, to her mother she said proudly, "You'll never guess, but Dexter got his commission. He's a second lieutenant now, and I don't blame him for wanting to show off that gold bar. He's so young, only twenty-one, and I just know he's going to have a great future!"

No time for tears

Right there in front of her folks, I asked her for my high school ring back. She made a comment about me not being much of a sport if she couldn't step out with a guy she hadn't seen in years. There was a quaver in my voice, but I asked her again for my ring. She slipped it off her finger, then threw it at me.

I picked up the ring from the porch floor, said good night to her folks and walked away, praying to God not to let me cry in front of them. ...

On Sunday I played sick, told my folks my stomach was ailing. I couldn't go to church and face her.

The next week when I went to church she was there. When we came face-to-face with each other outside the church, we both took one look at each other and started to cry.

We began dating again. Neither of us

mentioned the Second Lieutenant. School opened, and she began attending debate tournaments, and Don and I cut our first record, *Bye Bye Love*.

When she heard about the record, she gave me a lecture about singing, insisting it was a waste of time. A man could never earn his living from it. Then, one of her friends told me she had met a guy from a military school at a debate session, and that she was a little sweet on him.

"Only your singing"

I decided to find out about the cadet myself. On a cold, drizzly November night, I went over to her house and asked her to go to the neighborhood soda fountain with me. I asked her if she had met someone else that she liked.

"Why?" she wanted to know.

I didn't want to get her friend in trouble, so I said, "Because I have a funny feeling we're drifting apart, that something's come between us."

She confessed about the cadet, even admitted she kissed him.

"Now Phil, I can't help it," she said. "You just can't stop these things from happening. I meet a lot of people through the debate tournaments, and I . . . I can't ignore them. I have to be nice—and, anyway, he was kind of special, so I decided to find out more about him. After all, he's got an officer's career ahead of him, and his father's a big tobacco dealer, and you, you only have your singing." And that's not much.

"But honey," I said. "I'll do anything for you, if you want me. I'll even quit singing."

She didn't answer. I never took her to the soda fountain. I took her home and the November rain lashed at us and at the bare trees and at the black sidewalks. I took her to the front door and left, without saying good night.

When *Bye Bye Love* became the Number one hit across country, she called me up I had made up my mind never to see her again, but—

I drove over to her house in my Vespa motor scooter which I'd bought from my *Bye Bye Love* earnings, and she flipped. She told me I was the talk of the town, and she wanted me to come to a party she was having in my honor next Saturday night. I took her for a quick ride in the scooter, and then we said good-bye.

Maybe it's good that I went to her party because I realized then that she liked me only because I was Somebody now, and I knew, deep in my heart I knew I could never respect her. A girl shouldn't like a guy for what he becomes. She should like him for what he is.

How she catered to me that night! Like nothing I'd ever seen. She brought me a heaping platter of baked ham and potato salad from the buffet spread in the dining room, served me Cokes before I had a chance to empty my glass, put her arm through mine and told everyone she always knew I'd succeed.

At midnight I left. I couldn't stand it any longer. When I said good-bye to her, my heart was saying, "This is it. You've tried—and failed."

It was true. Ours was a messed-up romance, a bye-bye love. Sure we had some wonderful times together, but we were different people, two people who simply weren't meant for each other.

But it's hard to get an image of a girl out of your mind, especially when the image has made such a deep impression.

Don's married now, but I'm alone and I wonder—where is she, the one for me, the gal who's going to like me for being just plain Phil? I've been lonesome long enough, and I'm looking. . .

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I came to life

(Continued from page 40) A passing band-leader, Jack Rael, happened to tune in the program and was amazed at Patti's professional style. So he tracked her down later to a small local night club, and when he met her for the first time, he found a shy eighteen-year-old—brown-haired, high-cheekboned, five feet tall, plump as a pumpkin, and dressed in a baggy sweater and an old skirt.

He swallowed his disappointment at her appearance, and offered her a job with his band. She said no.

But two weeks later, after breaking up with her boy friend, she wrote Rael in Texas that she was ready to join him, provided her parents permitted it. Her mother was non-committal, and Patti was frantic until a neighbor said, "I hear you're going to Texas."

Then Patti packed, kissed her family good-bye, and joined Rael's band in Texas—her first trip away from home.

She wrote home regularly, and when she could afford it, she phoned. She was lonesome for her mom and dad and favorite sisters, and her many relatives—but she would not admit it to them. They were interested in her career too, but never enthusiastic. They felt a girl's goal was marriage and children, and they suspected show-people spent more of their time drinking, smoking, playing cards and dancing.

Lonely but determined, Patti worked hard and developed so well that Rael booked her on Lon McNeill's big radio show in Chicago, at more than \$1,000 a week. This sensational break for a newcomer fell flat later when Patti married a young college student, Jack Skiba. But

three months later, Patti's marriage was over and she signed a new contract with Rael. She promised to concentrate on her career, and he promised to do his best to make her a star.

Patti is attacked!

She hadn't really gotten over her busted marriage when she was booked into Toronto. One morning, a man broke into her hotel room, grabbed her, tied her wrists behind her back, and was about to shove a pillow case over her head, when she finally recovered her voice and started to scream. The man, frightened, ran.

Hotel bell-hops, elevator operators and porters came running in, unbound Patti's wrists, and told her they had caught a man running down the stairs.

Patti tried to forget the incident, but she had to re-live it the following month when she returned to testify at the trial.

After that, Patti was scared.

She was afraid of strangers, afraid of the dark, afraid of being alone.

Her expanding group of business associates huddled close to her: her secretary, Dorothy Birdoff; her publicist, Frances Kaye; her record promotion expert, Kappy Jordan. As she got into the big money, she took on more employees: fan club secretary, lawyer, accountant, pianist, drummer, musical arranger, etc. All encircled her like a loving brood of clucking hens.

They worried about her, kept problems away from her, did everything for her except sing. And Patti, frightened and shy, was grateful for their protection.

She never stayed alone in a hotel room. One of the girls from the office was always with her. She never took a plane trip alone. She never went on a train or in a cab alone. When she had to board a plane to make a booking, she not only took along a 67

companion from her office but she made sure she was wearing her gold neck chain with its religious medallions.

On the plane, her companions kept her busy by playing cards—usually bridge and hearts. And while Patti held the cards in one hand, she held on tightly to the religious medallions with the other.

At the Page-Rael office, Patti was not even encouraged to pick up the phone or transact any business. They laid out her bookings, travel schedules, hotel reservations, wardrobe fittings, beauty parlor appointments. They ordered her food, bought her tickets, called her cabs. When she wanted to do something special, she had to announce it, and then the staff fitted it into her schedule.

Patti, the institution

They regarded her as a kid from Tulsa with a God-given talent, but no maturity or sophistication. Patti became a workhorse. Slowly, through the years, she became a star singer—almost an institution—with a big payroll and a heavy sense of responsibility. Her career overwhelmed what little was left of her personal life.

She was so afraid to move without her close associates that once she stayed in her apartment three whole days because her manager, her publicist and her secretary all were out of town. And she didn't know anyone else well enough to call.

She had grown three inches taller, but even five-foot-three wasn't enough to carry her weight. So she was always fighting a half-hearted battle of the bulge. Frightened, alone, and shy, Patti looked to food to fill her lonely life.

Deep down inside, she knew she didn't diet because she had nobody to diet for. She knew few people outside of the music business and her own staff, and she rarely met an eligible male. She would not go for casual romances. So she kept looking for the *real thing*.

In her low moods, Patti used to recall that her mother teased her that her small ears meant stinginess. So when she was making big money, she became a tremendous spender for clothes. She bought shoes and handbags by the dozens. She rarely had less than 150 pairs of shoes and 150 handbags in her closets. She had three hundred dresses, at one time, and several minks. She was haunted by the memory of a poverty-stricken childhood when she never had more than two pairs of shoes—one for everyday, one for church.

In 1951, she was booked into a big Hollywood night club, despite her protestations that she wasn't ready to face the movie crowd. She was told the booking was 'good for your prestige.' So she yielded.

Just before the premiere performance, she overheard two men talking.

"Who's the singer?" said one.

"Some country kid that's had a couple of hit records, so they figure she's another Dinah Shore," said the other voice.

Patti cringed and ran to her dressing room, sobbing. But she went on later, as scheduled, even though she was crushed by doubts. She trembled under the shimmering gown she was wearing because she knew she didn't have the figure for it.

She received good notices from the Hollywood critics. They had to admit she was a great singer. But Hollywood didn't take her into its arms. Nobody called her or sent flowers. She felt ignored and hurt. And when she left Hollywood, she swore to herself, "Some day they'll be sorry!"

She did go back to Hollywood once more to test for Warner Brothers. She was told, "Lose twenty pounds, and we'll give you a contract."

She refused. "Let them sign me . . . and then I'll have a reason for dieting," she told her manager. So the deal was off, and

Patti went back to munching candy between meals.

Patti's blue period

Then in 1953, she went into a blue period. Despite her huge earnings, she felt she was not worthy. When she finished singing in a night club, she would flee to her dressing room and weep. She couldn't understand why people were paying high prices to see her. "I'm not giving them anything more than they can get by buying my records," she complained. She felt stiff and self-conscious. She knew she wasn't giving fully of herself. She felt she was just standing at the mike, gripping it tensely—her mouth always two inches away, as if afraid to move.

When her record of *Tennessee Waltz* shot her salary skyhigh, she insisted on working for her old salary. She felt she wasn't worth more.

Enter Prince Charming

Life for Patti Page 'the Star' meant money, fame, hard work. But for Patti Page, 'the woman,' life meant also loneliness, diets, fears . . . until Charlie O'Curran came into her life in 1957.

Charlie O'Curran was a fine choreographer, former husband of Betty Hutton, and a man about town, when he was hired to stage Patti's act scheduled to open at the Fountainebleau in Miami Beach. His job was to make Patti 'move' instead of clutching desperately at the mike.

Her first impression of him was that he was dashing, witty, confident, quick, and fantastically charming.

She was awed by the sureness with which he ordered her around during rehearsals. She was a bit jealous noticing that there were always one or two beautiful girls waiting for him to finish work.

He liked to tease her, and his humor was so sly she was never sure whether he was poking fun at her. Once she thought he called her 'Fat' but he explained he was only calling her 'Pat.'

He taught her how to move gracefully, how to use her arms properly, how to project her personality—away from the mike.

One day she told her secretary, "Charlie doesn't know it, but he's falling in love with me." And just before the opening performance, he sent her a lovely bouquet of flowers with the card reading, *I Love You*. She gazed at the card fondly.

Opening night she was a sensation. Later she went to a party in the hotel, and there was Charlie. She went right up to him, "Charlie, did you mean what you wrote on that card?"

Charlie, flustered, explained, "Well . . . not really . . . it's customary in show business to use language like that."

Her feelings for Charlie were beginning to perk, and they gave her a new zest. She saw Charlie at other places, and one day he said, "See you at the party tomorrow."

She startled him when she responded, "If you want to see me, you'll have to ask. I'm accustomed to being asked."

Her directness charmed him; he did ask. Their romance had begun.

When he flew back to Hollywood, she discovered she missed him terribly. They began to correspond and phone, and see each other whenever their work permitted.

Charlie taunted her, but she didn't get mad. He would sigh, "Last night, I was at El Morocco, and had a great time . . . while you sat in your rocking chair!"

He started to take her out, and introduced her to gay restaurants. Then he would tease: "You've been in those closets long enough; I'm taking you out of them."

She began to diet. He suggested losing twenty pounds in one year in a sensible diet, substituting high protein food for high calorie foods.

As she became thinner, she felt better and more beautiful. Charlie complimented her and she glowed.

"It's easy to lose weight," she told him, "because for the first time in my life, I'm doing it to please the man I love."

Little by little, she shed her fears.

For instance, there was the time she flew to Mitchell, South Dakota, to play a fair date, accompanied by her publicist, Frances Kaye. They had a bit of time to spare, so they went to a golf course for nine holes—but when they finished, Patti discovered the gold chain with the religious medallions had broken, and all the medallions were lost.

"Don't be upset, honey," Charlie comforted her. "You ought to see it as a good omen, because those medallions couldn't have helped you, really. . . . Don't you know it's what *inside* of you that counts?"

Patti thought about it, and she realized he was right. So she calmed down, and went and did her show. Then she and Frances boarded a one-engine plane to Sioux City and changed to another one-engine plane for Denver.

They were scarey flights. Just Patti and Frances and the pilot. Patti was nervous, but not panicky. She kept thinking of what Charlie had said, and calmed down. That night in Denver, she was so rested, she overslept.

On Dec. 28, 1957, Patti and Charlie were married in Las Vegas, and a big Hollywood crowd came over to the wedding. Ironically, the Hollywood stars came to Patti in Vegas when they didn't come to her in Hollywood. But Patti had gotten over her resentment against Hollywood. She had time to mellow and realize that revenge was no way out. The hurt was in her own mind. She was blaming strangers for her own inner fears.

Since her marriage, Patti has been emerging from her cocoon of uncertainties and phobias. Like a lovely butterfly, she has become a glamorous girl, with small waistline, chic figure, and fashionable clothes. She has become a versatile entertainer on top of her reknown for \$35,000,000 Mercury Record sales and nine gold records (each for a disk that sold more than a million copies), and her own tv show.

More important, she has become articulate. She expresses opinions, asks questions, and knows answers. She talks frankly with her employees and her friends. She has lost her dread of hospitals, and when told she had to have a tonsilectomy, she said, "Okay . . . when?" instead of running away.

She's not compulsive about working any more. When she was sick last year, she missed a performance. "I'm not going to die young," she said.

She's no longer neurotic about cleaning closets. "I've got better things to do."

She goes out alone in the day. "Soon, I hope I'll have enough nerve to go out alone at night, too," she says. "One thing at a time. I can't uproot all my fears in one swoop."

Her blue eyes gleam when she says, "I finally found the greatest weapon against fear. It's love."

"Being loved, and knowing you are loved, and believing beyond doubt you are loved . . . that's how I got rid of my fears!"

She sighs: "Finally, I have a man of my own, taking care of me, loving me, giving me things I might have bought for myself—but which mean so much more to me because they come from him."

A soft wave of contentment settles on her face as she says:

"I remember a Greek legend about a statue, Galatea, that came to life because she was loved. . . . That's what happened to me when Charlie came into *my* life."

our crazy upside down wedding

(Continued from page 31) appearance tour the very morning of the wedding. Well, I didn't know what to do. Tell Diane? I had to! After all, getting married concerned her just as much as it did me. So I drove right over to her apartment and tried to break the news gently to her. She was a living doll about it all, all right. Never once made me feel it was my fault or anything like that."

"Honey," Diane had told Peter, "we'll postpone it, that's what. We'll get new invitations and set a new wedding date with the church and..."

"Is that what you want, Honey?"

"You're boss, Petey," she added, "but, you know what?..."

Their eyes met and they looked at each other for a minute, and then, with a crazy togetherness-timing, the two of them blurted out all at once, "Let's elope!"

The zaniest wedding of the year

Their elopement has gone down in the annals of Hollywood history as 'the wedding the Marx Brothers should someday make into a movie!'

The elopement story begins at dawn on a Friday morning, September 4. A powder blue Cadillac convertible stopped at Diane's apartment house, and Peter honked the horn and yelled up to her as she waved from her window.

"Come right up, honey," she said. "Everything's ready." In a few minutes Peter was carrying suitcases and a plaid garment bag with Diane's wedding dress to the roomy back seat of the car. The two of them, with the top down, drove out to the highway and then zoomed along the road to Las Vegas.

Everything had been arranged for them. Ricky Yarborough, hostess at the plush Sands Hotel, had reserved the bridal suite for the elopees. Patty and Bill Coleman, who were visiting Las Vegas, had been alerted the night before. Would they be maid of honor and best man?

Diane and Peter arrived in Las Vegas at one o'clock in the afternoon. After checking their bags in the bridal suite of the Sands, they headed ("First things first," was Peter's comment) happily for the license bureau.

First stop, first crisis.

"Who says you're twenty one?" the frizzy-haired marriage license clerk wanted to know.

"I'll prove it," Peter said. "My army discharge is in the car."

"The girl's okay," the clerk decided, pointing to Diane who was wearing a white middy blouse, tan Bermuda shorts and pink scarf over her light blonde hair—set in pin curls from the night before.

"The rules say," the Marjorie-Main-voiced clerk informed them, "a girl's okay if she's eighteen, but a man, he's got to be twenty-one, otherwise, nothin' doin'. You," the licensing woman twanged and pointed to Peter, "you look like you just turned sixteen."

"You'll see," Peter scoffed, holding his head high, and he walked to his car parked outside the marriage license bureau. Soon as he stepped outside into the strong light of the Nevada sun, he realized he had goofed! He had forgotten that his papers weren't in the convertible. The car had been broken into over the week end, and they'd been stolen.

Pulling a fast one

He returned to the marriage clerk's desk, begging. "You've got to believe me. Here's my driver's license—but everything else has been stolen. All my identification papers and a suit and..."

"Humph," the clerk snorted, "a likely

story. I knew it from the minute you walked in here. You kids are trying to pull a fast one, and if I were you, I'd head right back to where you came from and wait a couple of years."

"Please, please believe me."

"My boy," the woman spoke righteously, "I do not issue licenses unless I have legitimate proof of age."

Diane, feeling helpless, finally piped up, "But Peter's always looked young."

"Sorry," the clerk said and went over and buried her face amid folders in a file cabinet drawer.

Peter put his arm around his bride to be.

"Honey," she said, her voice returning as they walked away from the front desk. "What should we do?"

"I know," Peter said and snapped his finger. "I'll get a notarized statement!"

He went back and asked the clerk if this would be sufficient proof.

The clerk said from the files, "I told you I need legitimate proof. Army discharge papers or a birth certificate."

Diane sat on the worn wooden bench in the waiting room, and, elbows on her knees, she rested her face on her fists. Peter, seeing Diane's bewildered look, rushed over to the pay telephone on the wall and placed a long distance call to his pal, Chuck Courtney.

"Chuck," Peter's voice boomed in the public waiting room. "Listen, listen to me carefully..." and he asked Chuck to break into his Hollywood apartment. "Find my birth certificate. It's somewhere, in one of the drawers. Turn the place upside down. Get the neighbors to help you search for it, I don't care. But find it, that's all I'm asking!"

Peter hung up the telephone, walked over to Diane—and then realized he hadn't told Chuck what to do with the birth certificate, once found. He ran back to the telephone, called long distance again. "Chuck," he said, after he got him back on the line, "when you find it, drive it to the Los Angeles International Airport and put it on the fastest flight they have."

Peter then called the Las Vegas airport, and learned, to his wild concern, that the next flight from Los Angeles was scheduled for tomorrow morning. But, the reservation clerk added, another flight could be scheduled unexpectedly.

So began the morning of their elopement, of Diane's and Peter's upside-down wedding weekend.

Who's in the bridal suite?

Hand in hand, they sauntered through the streets of Las Vegas. They stopped at a ranch-like restaurant and ate a whopping big country-style breakfast.

Halfway through their ham and eggs, Diane looked stunned. There was a Chicken Little expression on her face, as if the earth were falling.

"Peter," she said breathlessly, "what about tonight? The bridal suite!"

He looked at her and swallowed hard. "Well, honey, it means I move out, that's all, I guess."

Bug-eyed, they looked at each other with wouldn't-you-know-this-would-happen-to-us expressions. "Let's go over and see Patty and Bill," Diane suggested.

They visited with their maid of honor and best man, and the decision was made for Peter to bunk with Bill, if the birth certificate didn't arrive in time, and Patty would share the bridal suite with Diane. "It's so big," Patty said, "you'd get lost in it all by yourself."

"Maybe," Bill suggested with a down-cast expression, "I better call the church, huh, and tell them same time, same station—only tomorrow, huh?"

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"Maybe," Peter nodded, then he went to call the airport to see if there was any change in the flight schedule. But no dice.

Glumly they went to a movie.

"Let's all go back to the hotel," Peter said afterward, "get cleaned up and dressed for a big night, because I'm going to take everybody out, and we're going to have a wham-bang Las Vegas ball."

A little premature

But no sooner did they enter than the orchestra began playing *Here Comes the Bride*. Jerry Lewis, emceeing the dinner show, announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, what a wonderful day it's been for two happy people—our newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brown. Here they are, ladies and gents, fresh from the wedding ceremony at the Little Church of the West, and they've promised to join us in our beautiful dining room for their wedding dinner. Come on, everyone, let's give a big round of applause to two beautiful young people, Diane and Peter Brown."

"No," Peter shouted. "Not yet!"

Jerry couldn't hear him above the din of the hand-clapping.

"We want you both to come up and say a few words," Jerry said from the microphone.

Bill saved the day. "Let me handle it."

He walked up to the satin-draped bandstand and greeted everyone. "It's all my fault," he said. "I forgot to notify Jerry about the change of plans. Seems the marriage license people didn't like the sound of wedding bells on Friday so we've decided to let them ring tomorrow."

"But, just the same, let's show the bride-to-be and her groom a wonderful time on the night before the wedding."

"You were wonderful," Diane told Bill as he returned to the reserved ringside table for the newlyweds. "It's great having you both with us. You help take our minds off each other."

"Now that's a backhanded compliment," Peter teased.

If Jerry Lewis hadn't been notified of the changes in the wedding arrangements, neither was the chef at the Sands Hotel, so a deluxe wedding dinner was served—jumbo shrimp cocktail, consomme, filet mignon with sauce Bernaise, hearts of lettuce, relish trays. But when dessert time came around, Diane suggested the wedding cake be cut in the kitchen and served to everybody in the dining room for good luck. They would cut their cake tomorrow.

Jerry then began his floorshow, and he had the audience in the aisles with laughter over his comedy sketches and songs.

After the show Diane and Peter took a stroll, then sat by the hotel's pool in the light of the smiling September moon. They looked at the star-studded Milky Way in the sky looking like wedding confetti.

Wait a hundred years

Neither of them felt tired. They decided to stay up all night, and they talked of their future together, of their home, of the family they wanted to have; and when the night shadows paled and bowed to the rosepink footlights of dawn, they decided it was time to say good-night if they wanted to get married without bags under their eyes.

In the first light of morning, they kissed, and Peter said, "All that matters, Diane, is that I love you, and I would wait to marry you if it meant waiting for a hundred years. So what's one day, sweetheart! Forgive me, darling, if I goofed!"

Diane put her finger up to Peter's lips. "Ssh," she said. "Not another word about it. What was it Scarlett O'Hara said—'Tomorrow is another day'?"

They kissed good night again and parted to go to their separate rooms.

Next day, they were married all right,

but this is where the gremlins come in.

The birth certificate arrived, yes—thanks to Chuck Courtney. The longfaced marriage clerk finally issued the license after double-checking the birthdate. "Well, I would have never believed it," she whined.

But when Chuck went to drive the wedding party to the church for the wedding, the car wouldn't start. They fussed and fumed over it for ten minutes, and then, suddenly, the motor started.

At the church, the organ music began and Diane walked slowly down the aisle, wearing a ballerina-length gown of ivory peau de soie and a jeweled tiara with a fingertip veil.

Peter, in his charcoal gray suit, waited near the altar with Bill.

But in the middle of the wedding march, Diane's heel caught in a crack in the floorboard—and oops, she leaned forward and almost tripped.

At this point, Peter, who had forgotten to give Bill the gold wedding ring, dropped it on the floor, and it plink-planked around the altar. Bill fell on his knees to retrieve it and Peter went to help Diane.

The comedy's not over yet

After the brief Episcopalian ceremony, Peter and Diane kissed and, after congratulations from the clergyman, and Patty and Bill, they breathed a sigh of relief. The rector handed Peter the marriage license.

"Oh," Diane said excitedly, "let's see it."

The Chicken Little expression fell on Diane's face for the second time that week end. The earth was falling again.

"Oh no," she said to Peter. "Look!"

Peter began to read the marriage license carefully, and, then, he looked at Diane and began to laugh. His shoulders shook as he laughed uproariously in the empty, echoing church.

"The marriage clerk!" Peter laughed. "She goofed, by golly, she goofed!"

According to the handwriting in the marriage license, Peter Lind Brown officially married Peter Lind Brown.

The clergyman smiled. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll file a formal correction with the marriage bureau. The church recognizes you as Mr. and Mrs."

Diane looked at Peter and fell into his arms. Off they went, Diane and Peter, Patty and Bill, to the Sands Hotel for a wonderful wedding dinner all over again, for another wedding night celebration with Jerry Lewis and Sammy Davis emceeing the gala show, for an evening of champagne with back-and-forth toasts to a right-side-up future now that the upside-down wedding was over. **END**

You can soon see Peter in *THE LAWMAN* for Warners.

Watch for Diane in *ISLAND OF LOST WOMEN* for Warners and *HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS* for 20th.

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Debbie rebuilds her shattered life

(Continued from page 37) like this at night before, and she had heard noises before. And she had never been afraid before.

But now she was.

She jumped up from the couch and ran to the window and drew back the curtain and looked out into the garden.

The garden, bathed in moonlight, was empty.

Still nervous, Debbie turned and walked across the room, to a phone. She called her best friend, a girl she'd known since childhood, a girl named Camille Williams.

"Eddie's left me," Debbie said, trying to control her voice. "Yes . . . yes, it's true . . . he's gone. And I'm alone in the house, just me and the children. And I was wondering if you could please come live with me for a while."

Camille said she would, of course she would, right away.

Debbie shook her head. "No," she said, "it's late now. But tomorrow, tomorrow morning, will you come then? I need you, Camille. Will you come then and stay with me?"

Her friend said yes.

Debbie hung up. And then she phoned her brother, Bill.

She explained what had happened that night.

Bill interrupted her, to tell her—that he would come.

"Tomorrow morning?" Debbie asked.

"First thing," her brother told her.

"Thanks, thanks," Debbie said, and she hung up again.

The empty bed

She was tired now, very tired, tired because it was late and because that hour with Eddie—the shock of it, the humiliation of it—had taken everything out of her.

She went upstairs, to the big bedroom that had been hers and Eddie's. She got undressed and into the bed.

She felt better now that everything had been taken care of with Camille and Bill, that tomorrow night this time they would both be in the house with her, Bill downstairs and Camille in the guest room down the hall.

"Everything's going to be all right now," she thought, "all right."

She closed her eyes.

She tried to fall asleep.

But she couldn't.

She turned from her back to her side.

After a while, she opened her eyes again.

She looked at the empty pillow alongside hers.

"Tomorrow night there'll be other people here," she tried to convince herself, "and I won't be alone."

She stared at the pillow.

"No," she thought, "no . . . I won't be . . . I won't."

But it was no good, this fooling herself, this lying to herself. This Debbie realized now, more than ever.

Because she knew now, deep down inside her, that from this night on she would be alone, for a long time, for a very long time—maybe even forever.

And, finally, at long last, she began to cry. . . .

The next few days were awful days.

Bill and Camille had come, to stay with Debbie, be with her, cheer her up.

But there was to be no cheering her.

As Camille has said:

"When the whole mess between Eddie and Liz hit her, Debbie went into an emotional decline. She seemed to be drained of everything. I've known Debbie for

many years—we were school kids together—but I'd never seen her like this. She'd always been so active; she'd never lost her sense of humor when disappointments and heartaches came. Laughter was always a natural thing with her—laughter and an ability to see the brighter side of things. But for these first days she was like a dead person. She was immobile, expressionless. Her face seemed to go blank, and her spirit, too. She didn't eat. She didn't sleep. Even though I've known her so long and so intimately, she was like somebody I didn't recognize any more. She stayed in bed most of the time those few days, not moving, not talking. And when she did talk, the only thing she talked about was her work. 'Monday,' she would say, 'on Monday I go to work and that'll be good for me.' And more than anything, I prayed that Monday would come—soon—so that something, anything, would snap her out of this terrible depression. . . ."

Nothing to hide

Monday came.

Debbie got up early and drove to the MGM studios, to begin work on her new picture, *The Mating Game*.

As soon as she arrived on the set, an associate director came up to her. His tone was sympathetic, almost apologetic.

"Debbie," he said, "if you want—I mean, we know how you feel now—and if you want we can close off the set. No visitors. No reporters. No jazz."

His face was very serious.

Debbie laughed a hollow laugh. "Why?" she asked. "I have nothing to hide. Let other people go into hiding if they want to. But me, I have nothing to hide. Anyone who wants to come on the set and see me can."

At 9:30 that morning, Debbie began work on the first scene of the picture.

At 12:30, the director called a lunch break.

Debbie's stand-in, an old friend, asked her if she was going to order something to eat in her dressing room.

"Huh-uh," Debbie said, sure-sounding. "I've always eaten in the commissary and that's where I'm going to eat now. Come on. Let's go."

And she smiled her old smile.

On the way to the commissary, however, she acted a little less sure.

"I don't know," she said.

"Know what?" her stand-in asked.

"The people, everybody at the studio, everybody in the commissary now," Debbie said. "If I walk in there looking sad, they'll all feel sorry for me. If I walk in gay and laughing, they'll think, 'She doesn't

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really care about anything that's happened, does she?"

"Act the way you feel, Deb," the stand-in said.

"I've done that all my life," Debbie said. "Everyone has always said I sure was natural, I sure was happy. And I was." She shrugged.

"So now I guess I should still act happy, huh?" she asked, forcing a smile. . . .

At lunch, a little while later, a studio representative walked over to Debbie's table. With him was a reporter from one of the country's leading wire services.

"Do you feel like talking a little?" the reporter asked.

"Sure," Debbie said.

The reporter pulled up a chair. "Now that what's happened has happened," he said, dodging the mention of Eddie and Liz as tactfully as possible, "what are your plans?"

"To work," Debbie said. "I've had the semi-retirement bit. I want now to make three, maybe four, pictures a year. And I want to do more television than I've done before. And I want to do a nightclub act, in Las Vegas maybe, next spring maybe."

"You don't think," the reporter asked, "that that might be piling it on a little too much? It sounds like a pretty exhausting schedule."

Debbie clenched her fingers together in her lap. "No," she said, "I can do it. I have to do it."

They talked a little while longer, Debbie answering all the questions pleasantly, her voice a little strained, but pleasant just the same.

Then the reporter asked what he said would be his final question.

"There have been reports," he said, "that your husband is planning to get a quick Mexican divorce. Is this true?"

"I know nothing about that," Debbie said, her voice hardening a bit. "I do know this, though—that I have no intentions of getting a Mexican divorce. If there's anything to be done in that direction, Eddie will have to do it—not me."

A few moments later, Debbie excused herself, said good-bye and, with her stand-in, she left the table.

The reporter and the studio representative watched her back through the commissary.

"That last one was hard on her," the studio man said.

"It had to be asked," the reporter said.

The studio man nodded. "She's an amazing girl," he said. "She's never been the kind of person to weep on anybody's shoulder. And now, she might want to weep, sure—but she's putting up a brave front."

"For how long, though?" the reporter asked.

"Yes," the studio man said, "that's just it . . . For how long . . . ?"

The breakdown begins

It was the following night, Tuesday.

Debbie helped her mother—visiting for the evening—and Camille, her friend, clear the dinner dishes.

And then, that done with, her mother asked, "Would you like to play some cards for a while, Deb?"

Debbie looked down at her watch.

"Let's watch TV first," she said. She was casual-sounding about it. "It's Eddie's first show this season. I'd like to see it."

A few minutes later, the three of them were sitting in the living room, facing the television set.

At exactly eight o'clock, a happy-voiced announcer shouted: "The Eddie Fisher Show!"

And then Eddie came on camera and began to sing, a gay and carefree love song.

Debbie leaned forward in her chair a

little and watched him intently. She listened as the familiar voice filled the living room. She sighed a little, as if in relief, when the song was ended and the studio audience began to applaud. "He was nervous," she said, softly, suddenly, as the applause continued. "Did you notice the way he stood there tapping his foot? He always taps it like that when he's nervous . . . But he got through it all right, didn't he? He got—"

And suddenly, her face paling, she stopped and got up from her chair.

"Aren't you going to watch the rest of the show?" her mother asked.

Debbie shook her head. "Maybe a little later," she said.

Someone asked Zsa Zsa Gabor what makes European men better lovers than American men. Zsa Zsa replied, "European women."

Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post

Maybe if she went off by herself, away from everyone, her mother, her friend, his face on the television set, his voice—maybe if she did that, she thought, her heart would stop beating so fast and nervous like it was beating now, and her hands wouldn't tremble the way they'd just begun to tremble, and that slight strange pain that had just come to her stomach would go away.

When she got to the library, she closed the door, glanced at the bookshelves for a minute and chose a book.

She sat down.

She looked at the book.

She was about to open it when—not knowing exactly why at first—she found her eyes wandering toward something across the room.

It was a chair, a huge chair, completely covered in handsome black leather.

And it was a special chair, a very special chair.

It's your chair, darling, Debbie remembered saying happily to Eddie that Christmas morning, less than a year ago. It's your chair—and it's guaranteed for a lifetime.

Then, almost as if without realizing it, Debbie dropped the book she'd been holding. She got up.

A flash of panic ran suddenly through her body. She closed her eyes.

She wanted to scream, to cry, to leave this room and this house and to run, away, somewhere—anywhere, just as long as she could run and run and keep on running. But then she opened her eyes and, with every bit of strength inside her, she tried to fight the panic, to force it away.

She stood there, motionless, for a few minutes longer.

And then she turned and walked back to the living room.

Her mother and Camille had turned off the television set and were seated at a small table, about to begin a game of cards.

"You want to join us, Debbie?" Camille asked.

Debbie nodded and sat down.

Silently, they played a few games.

Then, just before they were ready to start another one, Debbie turned to Mrs. Reynolds.

"Mama," she said, "before I forget . . . some moving-men are coming Friday for the things Eddie left behind—his books, his clothes, his recordings. And since I'll be working, and somebody should be here, would you drop on over to kind of supervise things?"

"Of course I'll come," her mother said. "And," Debbie said, taking a deep breath, "that chair in the library, the black leather chair—will you see that they take that, too?"

"Of course," her mother said, nodding, "of course . . ."

Gossip

The woman couldn't wait to tell her.

Actually, she was a friend of a friend of a friend of Debbie's and she'd come barging into the house late this morning, Saturday, and thought she'd come equipped with some excuse—a flimsy one—she got through that fast and then she got down to business.

"I guess you've heard about the parties this past week," she said, shaking her head, her voice loaded with phony gloom.

"What parties?" Debbie asked.

"The parties for Eddie," the woman said. "One on Tuesday night for his tv show, and one last night, Friday."

"No," Debbie said, "I hadn't heard." Then, trying hard not to be rude, she added, "And I haven't got much time to listen now."

She didn't like the woman, not this particular woman—nor the subject she knew she was going to start gossiping about. And so she repeated, "Really, I haven't got much time."

"Well," the woman said, as if she didn't understand, "just let me tell you this . . ."

On Tuesday night there was the party Liz gave for Eddie at some bungalow she'd rented, to celebrate the show. It was wild, I hear—just wild, with everybody running around the garden barefoot, chasing each other and yelling and screaming, like kids . . . And then last night—last night there was this party given for Eddie and Liz by Arthur Loew, Jr., of all people. This one was more intimate, I hear from someone who was there. There was just Loew and his date and Liz and Eddie and the Stewart Grangers and the Paul Newmans and a few other couples. And from what I hear about Eddie and Liz—well, to put it in the plain English my friend who was there put it to me—they were acting real lovey-dovey . . . just like they were on their honeymoon! Their *honeymoon*, mind you!"

"So?" Debbie asked, when the woman was through.

"I thought it was interesting," the woman said.

"I am not interested," Debbie said, trying harder than she'd ever tried in her life to keep her temper.

The woman took the hint.

A few minutes later, she said good-bye and left.

And a minute after that, Debbie came down with her first serious attack of pain.

Debbie collapses

It hit her suddenly, violently, in the stomach—and it became so intense in a few moments, so agonizing, that she threw herself against a wall to keep from falling.

"Bill!" she called out. Her brother, she knew, was in the next room just then.

"Bill!!!"

Bill rushed in.

He took one look at his sister.

And without asking her what was wrong, he scooped her up in his arms and carried her to her bed and then he called the doctor.

"I suggest," the doctor was telling Debbie a little while later, after he'd examined her and given her medicine to ease the pain, "I suggest very strongly that you go to the hospital for a few days, for a rest."

Debbie shook her head. "I'd rather not," she said.

"You've lost weight," the doctor told her.

"That's pretty easy to see," Debbie said.

"You look tired," he told her.

"I haven't been sleeping well," Debbie said.

"You've been working too hard," he told her.

"I have to," Debbie said, "—it's my job, my livelihood."

The doctor looked down at her for a long moment.

"This pain in your stomach," he asked, "have you had it before this morning?"

"Only once, and just a little," Debbie said, remembering the other night, the night of Eddie's television show.

"And this morning, it was more severe this morning?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," Debbie said, remembering that minute that morning, after the woman who'd come to call had left, remembering how something the woman had said, something about *Like honeymooners . . . Eddie and Liz . . . like honeymooners!* had flashed through her mind at the exact moment the pain had come.

"It's nerves . . . of course, you know that," the doctor asked now.

"I know," Debbie said.

And then she said, "But believe me, Doctor, it won't happen again. Not if I know what causes it, and if I can help it. I'm sure it won't happen again."

"I hope not," the doctor said back, not quite so sure. . . .

"Mommy, come down . . ."

The second attack came on a Monday afternoon, a little over a month later.

Debbie was at the studio, working on an outdoor scene. She'd brought Carrie Frances, her daughter, along to watch. "Because," she had told the child earlier, "this is going to be a wonderful scene, in and around a real red barn, with real cows and piggies and horses and ducks."

"And," she'd said, "at one point your mommy's going to climb to the top of the barn and jump two stories down, right plunk into a big pile of hay. And won't that be something funny to see?"

As scheduled, the first part of the scene was shot in the morning.

And now it was early afternoon, and Debbie was ready to climb the barn and make her jump.

Just before she started the climb, her director took her aside. "Debbie," he told her, "there's nothing really dangerous about this. But it is a little on the high side and if you want, we can use a double for you."

"No, sir," Debbie said. "Not for me!"

And so she made the climb.

And so, a few minutes later, she stood at the edge of the hayloft, ready for the signal to jump.

"Okay?" she called out, looking down and over towards the director.

The director signaled back, indicating it would be one more minute before he and his crew would be ready.

"Aw, c'mon," Debbie said, joking, and beginning a little tap dance routine.

The crowd below—technicians, visitors, other actors—roared with laughter.

"C'mon," Debbie called out again.

And the crowd laughed some more.

But then, suddenly, Debbie stopped her dance and stood as if frozen.

"Are you all right?" someone yelled up at her.

Debbie nodded, weakly.

"You sure?" she was asked.

"Yes," she said.

She swayed forward for an instant.

"Debbie!" a woman yelled. "Be careful!"

And then little Carrie Frances, watching all this, confused now by the shouting, and afraid, called, "Mommy, Mommy—come down. Don't fall."

Debbie took a breath, very deep; then

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another, then another—till she became a bit steadier on her feet.

Then she smiled. "I'm fine," she said, bringing up her arm and signaling to the director that she was ready.

Quickly, the order was given to the cameraman to shoot.

Then Debbie got the order to jump.

Swiftly, she did.

"Hurray for me!" she called out a moment later, deep in the hay now.

A few technicians rushed over to help her out of it.

"There!" Debbie said, as she plunked her feet to the ground. She began to laugh. "That wasn't so tough now, was it?"

She took a few steps, still laughing.

She looked over to where the director was standing.

"Do you want me to do it again?" she started to ask.

But then, in an instant, the laughter stopped and Debbie groaned and she brought her hands up over her stomach.

And she fell to the ground, unconscious.

Nothing to go back to

"The pressures, the pressures," someone said a little while later as the stretcher on which she lay was being lifted to a waiting ambulance, "it wasn't the jump that got her . . . it was all the tremendous pressure!"

A nurse stood over Debbie as she came to in the hospital a few hours later.

"Can I get something for you, Miss Reynolds?" she asked.

"No . . . thank you," Debbie said, her voice groggy from the sedatives that had been given her, her eyes barely open.

She asked where she was.

"St. Joseph's Hospital," the nurse said, smiling, cheerful, "smack in the heart of the town where you were brought up."

"St. Joseph's—in Burbank?" Debbie asked.

"Burbank," the nurse said, nodding.

"And you're among your old hometowners now, and don't think we're not going to take extra special care of you, Miss Reynolds. We're mighty proud of you, you know. And we're going to see that you get a few days' good rest and nourishment. And when you leave here you're going to be in tip-top shape."

"A few days?" Debbie asked. "Is that how long you said?"

"That's all," the nurse told her.

She bent to adjust the pillow under Debbie's head.

"And," she went on, "all you have to do is cooperate with us. And like I said, then you'll be ready to leave here and go back to—"

"To what?" Debbie whispered to herself, drowsy, her eyes closing again, as the nurse kept talking her cheerful talk. "—I haven't got anything to go back to any more. I haven't got anything any more . . . nothing . . . nothing . . . no more . . . no more. . ."

Mrs. Reynolds came to pick up her daughter at ten o'clock the following Friday morning. She and Debbie said hello, they kissed, and then they headed for the car and the drive home.

It was a quiet drive.

Occasionally, Mrs. Reynolds would ask Debbie something about the past few days, and Debbie would answer in a word or two.

But for most of the drive, neither of them said anything—Mrs. Reynolds because she noticed that Debbie still looked pale and nervous; Debbie because she didn't care right now if she ever said anything in her life again.

She felt defeated now, wholly and totally defeated.

For more than six weeks—she realized now, as she had realized these past few days—she had been unable to face the

fact that her husband had really left her.

She'd loved Eddie, despite their troubles—she'd loved him with all her heart.

She'd seen him walk out on her—for good, as he'd said; but always inside her she'd thought that maybe he hadn't meant that, that maybe he would come back to her.

She'd waited.

She'd waited for him to end his fling, to get fed up with his parties, to phone one night and say, "Debbie, I miss you, I want to come home . . . Can I? Can I?"

She'd waited for this and for the moment when he would come home and take her in his arms again, when everything would be all right between them again—when the world would again look beautiful.

She'd waited for six long weeks.

That was really what she'd been doing these six weeks, she realized—she'd waited.

And now, she knew, the wait was over.

And with it, she felt, everything else was over, too.

"Debbie!"

It was her mother's voice, suddenly.

"Huh?" Debbie asked.

"We're here," Mrs. Reynolds said, "... home."

Debbie turned her head and looked out the window. "Yes," she said flatly, "we're home."

She opened the door and got out of the car.

She waited for her mother to join her and then, together, they began walking up the path, toward the house, slowly.

The voice in the window

And then it happened—quickly, and beautifully.

Debbie heard the voice first.

"Mommy!" it called out.

It was Carrie Frances' voice, coming from upstairs somewhere.

Debbie looked up.

And there, in a window just above the doorway, she saw them—Camille, her friend, holding Todd, the baby, in one arm and holding on to Carrie Frances with her free hand.

"Mommy, do you see us?" Carrie Frances called out.

Debbie stopped walking.

"I do," she said, beginning to wave—and then to smile.

"Oh you're home, you're home," the little girl shouted. "We waited for you, me and Todd, Mommy."

"My babies," Debbie whispered.

She looked over at her mother.

"Those are my babies," she said.

Her mother nodded.

Debbie continued looking at her, as if to ask: "Did I almost forget *them*, my babies? Was I so sick that I almost forgot *them* and what they meant to me? Did I almost forget that *they* were waiting for me, that *they* needed me, that *they* loved me . . . that *they* were what I had to come home to now, today . . . my babies?"

"Those are my babies," she said aloud, again.

And her mother nodded again. "What has been, has been, Debbie," she said. "What will be from now on is in your hands. And part of what will be is right up there in that window . . . now . . . waiting."

"Mommy," the little voice from above called out, impatient. "Aren't you coming, Mommy?"

Debbie looked up once more.

And then she began to run toward the door.

"I am coming," she cried, still running, "—oh, my darlings, I am!"

END

Look for Debbie in MGM's **THE MATING GAME**

my Brigitte

(Continued from page 43) Froufrou from me and held him in the crook of her arm, stroking him gently and saying, "I love you, my sweet, I love you . . ." over and over again. Little rivers of blood trickled from Froufrou's wound onto Brigitte's Bikini and onto her shapely suntanned legs.

"I have my car," I said quickly. "Let me take him. I'll find a vet and bring him back to you."

She looked at me for a moment, staring directly into my eyes. "Monsieur," she said after the silence, "you are kind. I believe you want to help. Oh, thank you so much."

I took the quivering puppy in my arms. I started walking toward my sportscar when Brigitte called out, "Monsieur . . . monsieur; I will be at my house. Bring him there." She pointed, and there, in the midst of that steep, mound of rocks, was a cottage, like a doll's house, hidden in a niche. "There," Brigitte said, pointing, "the house on the rocks!"

In no time I drove little Froufrou to the veterinarian who bandaged his hurt leg and told me there was nothing to worry about. Froufrou had a small cut that would heal in a few days.

I returned to the beach and walked to Brigitte's house. She was in the living room, curled up on the cretonne-covered sofa, crying.

Jumping out of my arms, Froufrou hopped over to Brigitte.

She picked him up and petted him. But she wouldn't stop crying.

"Is something the matter?" I asked.

She cleared her throat and announced that she hated herself. She was so mean, so stupid to do that to poor, helpless Froufrou. She only wanted to play a little game. She was lonely, terribly lonely. She came here to get away from everybody, but now that she was alone she was lonesome, and Froufrou, dear Froufrou, was her one companion—and she had hurt him. Oh, she'd never forgive herself.

Nursemaid to her moods?

A child, I thought to myself, a beautiful spoiled, charming and captivating child!

She thanked me for looking after Froufrou's wound, and in a moment she arose and asked me what time it was.

Five o'clock, I told her. She apologized for taking up so much of my time.

"It's of no matter," I said. "I'm glad to help."

She looked at me and smiled. "Please stay for dinner."

"Oh no, Mademoiselle."

"Yes," she said in a gentle voice. "I insist."

"But no, Mademoiselle. You needn't feel you must repay me."

"No," she said, her wide eyes looking frightened and wary. "I want to eat dinner with someone. I am so alone here, and suddenly, today, after this trouble with Froufrou, I'm afraid."

I hadn't any plans for the evening, but somehow, for a split second, I was suspicious. Did she want me to play nursemaid to her childish moods? I looked at her, and her eyes were unflinching. They seemed to tell me I'd betray her if I left. So I agreed to stay.

She cooked a jelly omelette, and it was delicious. I offered to help, but she only let me toss a green salad with vinegar-and-oil dressing. We ate by candlelight on the veranda of her summer house on the rocks. In the deepening twilight sky a full moon shone, and salt-scented breezes blew in from the shore. After dinner I picked up a guitar in Brigitte's living room and serenaded her with the songs I've always loved—*Tenderly* and *Last Night When We*

Were Young. She listened very quietly. Now, how does a person explain love? There was a silent communication between us, as though I'd known Brigitte forever, since the beginning of time. But around ten o'clock I said good night to her and walked for a while on the beach.

I came to the decision I would never see Brigitte again. Brigitte was a top movie star, and I—who was I? A young singer in the nightclubs. I had none of the international success Brigitte enjoyed. Brigitte had an overpowering personality, and if I saw her again I—my heart told me with loud, thumping beats—I could fall in love. I was afraid of being in love with her. Why? Well, with someone as haunting as Brigitte it would be so easy for a man to be a slave, and no man in his right mind wants this.

All night long I listened to the tossing of the waves from the seaside boarding house where I was staying. I couldn't sleep. Brigitte's beautiful image was emblazoned on my brain.

Next day my friends had heard about my visit with Brigitte. They wanted to know details, but I tried to sound very matter-of-fact and blasé, as if nothing had happened.

Fate steps in

Later that week, a writer friend of mine, Irene Dervize, a reporter for *Paris Match* (it is like *Life Magazine* in the United States) came to St. Tropez and called me. Irene, as you will see, was sent by fate.

"Sacha," Irene said imploringly over the telephone, "I have a very difficult assignment."

"Yes?" I asked curiously.

"I've been sent here by my editor to interview Brigitte Bardot. I don't know a soul who's acquainted with her. Do you?"

My conscience made me admit I knew Brigitte, but I told Irene I couldn't make the introduction. I suggested Irene speak to Brigitte personally. But Irene called me again and told me of the impossibility of reaching Brigitte directly. She had no telephone and refused to speak with strangers. "Please," Irene said, "could you make the introduction?"

Irene was a dear friend, and I didn't want to let her down. I gave in and strolled by Brigitte's house on the rocks. I knocked on her door. She asked me in. Smiling, she said it was good to see me. I asked if I could stop by with a friend for cocktails that afternoon. I explained my friend was a reporter, but Brigitte didn't balk.

"Of course," Brigitte said openly, "come for cocktails and dinner."

I argued with her again about dinner, but Brigitte's insistence won me over.

That night—yes, it was that night—I knew I was falling in love. It was too late to stop now, and from the way Brigitte looked at me, I could tell she was under the same magic spell. Something had burst in my heart, a joy of discovery, the joy of being near someone who wants to put her head on your shoulder and be loved.

Irene, understanding friend that she is, got the message. She disappeared early that evening after making an interview appointment with Brigitte later that week.

We walked that night in the ivory light of the St. Tropez moon. We kicked off our shoes and waded in the cold night water while we held hands. For a long while we didn't say a word. We walked some more along the seashore, and finally we sat down not far from a fisherman's shack and we looked up to the peeping stars in the sky and talked about ourselves and what we wanted from life. I remember being so moved by Brigitte's honesty I almost cried.

She didn't want to be a movie star much

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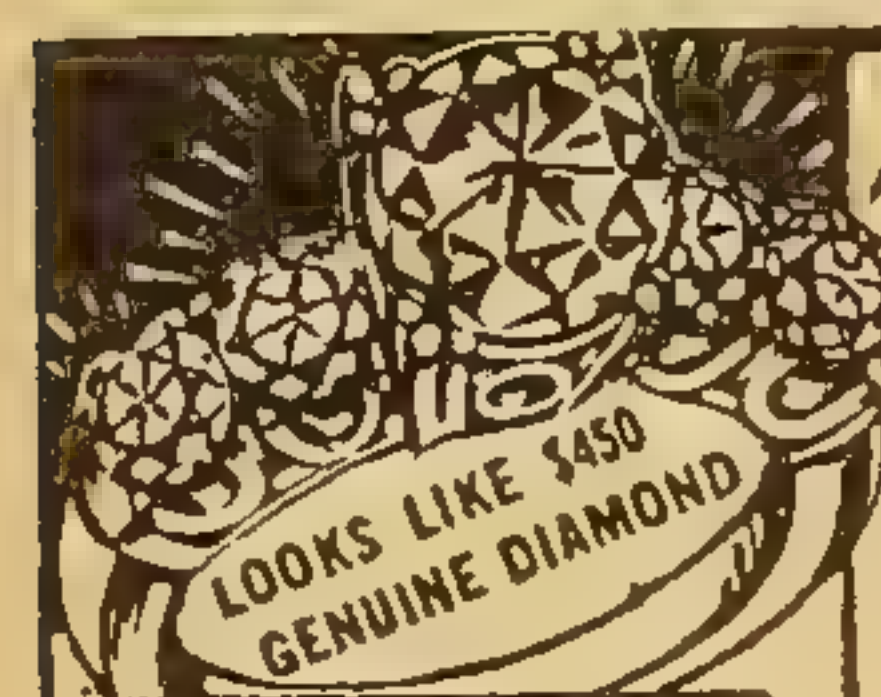
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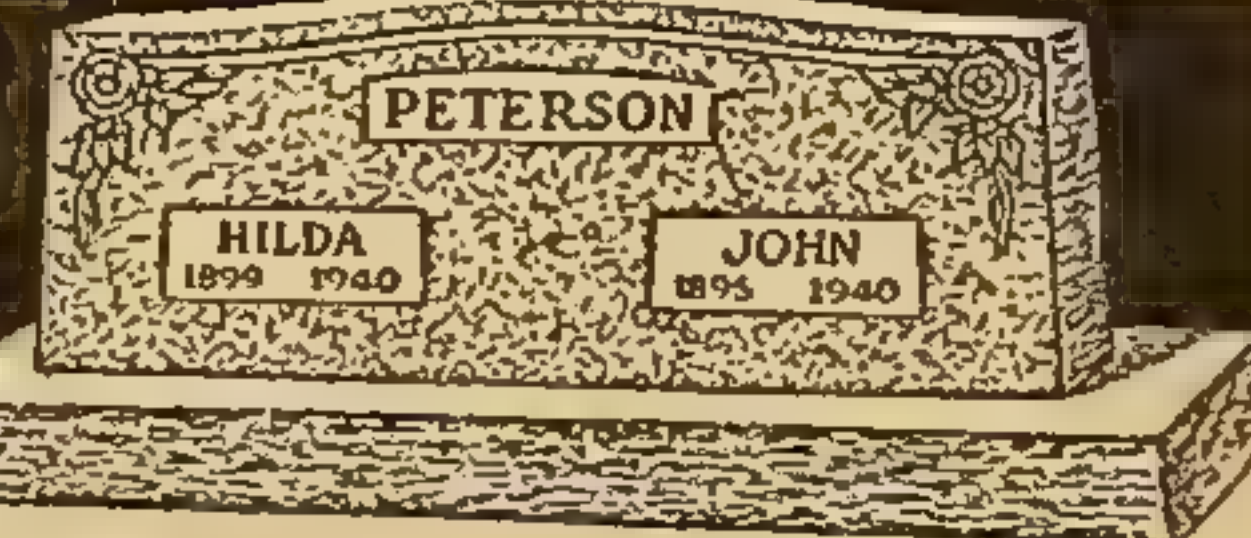


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longer, she said. Most of all, she wanted to be a wife. Wasn't this a woman's happiest role in life? To love, to bear children, to raise a loving family in the eyes of God. Her confession was a revelation. I'd imagined Brigitte basking in the queenly glory of cinema fame for years and years.

Leaning against me on the sand she said, "Sacha, I'm looking for the most important thing in life. . . ."

"What?" I wanted to know.

"What else?" she said. "Love. Real love. Not the kind of love I get from the people who think of me as a play toy but the kind of love two people have when they want to share everything. This is what I want. This is what I need. Otherwise I can't go on living."

Now I had heard Paris rumors about Brigitte's chameleon-like changes of mood: one minute she wanted love, the next minute she wanted stardom. I asked her about this, and she told me she was edgy and moody because her life was so public. True love, she believed, would give her strength to face up to herself.

"But, please," she said, "I don't want to talk about myself. I'm tired of Brigitte. Tell me about you. Tell me everything."

I told her my aspirations. I'd been playing guitar for Juliette Greco who sang in the Left Bank bistros of Paris. For a guitarist my age I'd been lucky: the European musicians named me the number-one guitar player of France. Yet, curiously enough, this wasn't what I wanted. I wanted to be a singer. Only lately I started singing in the nightclubs, and one of the managers of the plushiest Parisian cafes had signed me to headline his new autumn floorshow.

The moon drifted over us and bathed the sandy beach in its pure diamondlike light, and Brigitte and I began talking about our likes and dislikes—our love of sportscars, rock and roll, *le jazz hot* and mambos. She liked macaroons and I liked Jordan almonds. Both of us were crazy for triple decker sandwiches and Georges Simenon murder mysteries and moonlight swims.

Our faces were so close they almost touched. I turned to look at Brigitte and I saw tears in her eyes. "What's the matter?" I asked her, and she replied, "Nothing."

"But you're crying. . . ."

"I'm crying," she said, "because I'm happy." Her eyes reflected the light of the moon, and I leaned over and kissed them.

A shocking stroll

We lay there for a while, saying nothing, listening to the symphony of the sea. When the sea winds grew colder, we got up and walked to Brigitte's hidden house in the rocks. After we said good night, I asked her if she would like to explore the village of St. Tropez tomorrow morning. She nodded her head to say yes, and we kissed and then she walked into her dark house all alone.

I didn't sleep all night. She haunted me: her face—the way it smiled when her happiness shone through it; her eyes—the way they caressed me tenderly with a glance. At dawn I got up and dressed and visited a tiny St. Tropez coffee shop where I ate a breakfast of buttered *croissants* and drank a mug of milk. I fidgeted for about an hour, then at eight o'clock in the morning I went calling for Brigitte and I was

surprised to find her awake, having her breakfast of orange juice and honeydew melon. I played with cheerful Froufrou while Brigitte finished her fruit, and then we went walking through the quaint, picturesque streets of St. Tropez.

I was shocked with what I saw, with what happened. I had no idea Brigitte suffered like this. People crowded around her and wouldn't let us pass on the street. They picked at her clothes like scavengers and cried out, "Oh, beautiful, beautiful." Everybody wanted to touch her. Occasionally some viper-tongued hag yelled out, "Huh, she's not so pretty. She's only a body!" and the shrew would spit at Brigitte. I cleared the way for Brigitte, but, hard as I tried, the people still followed. We walked a while with the men, women and children following us as if we were Pied Pipers. We ducked into a couple of small trinket shoppes; still the crowd pursued us. What else was there to do? I went out and found a taxi and the two of us returned to Brigitte's lonely cottage by the sea.

Sitting on the wooden steps, I told her that I had had no idea of what she had to put up with in her life. She said, "Today, Sacha, you saw nothing. You must see what happens in Paris. This is why I must live like a hermit, far away from everybody, because, otherwise, I can never have a life of my own."

I told her I'd protect her, and in that next minute we openly avowed our love. We kissed in the bright light of day, and heaven lifted us both into its glory. All through that day Brigitte cried from her happiness, and I knew I had fallen in love with a very special human being.

Brigitte wanted me to be strong, she said, to dominate her, to be the leader, the captain of her life. This is what a woman needs, she told me: a man beside her who will steer their love through the shifting winds of destiny into all the unknown tomorrows.

I brought Brigitte to meet my mother in Paris, and my mother was delighted with Brigitte's humility. "She is so kind," my mother commented. "She will make a good mother." Slipping an heirloom ring from her finger, my mother, with tears in her eyes, gave it to Brigitte. The ring, hundreds of years old and in our family for generations, has a star sapphire in the center with chips of diamonds clustered around it like the petals of a flower.

So this is our story, Brigitte's and mine. How we met and fell in love—two people who didn't like each other at first meeting because of foolish impressions but who grew to understand each other with kindness.

Destiny, so far, has been good to us, and if God wills it, we will marry early in 1959. After a small church wedding in Paris, we will honeymoon—well, you can probably guess where!

We'll spend a whole month in that sea-side cottage where the two of us confessed our love to each other, the hidden dark-wood house in the rock mound on the beach at St. Tropez. Brigitte and I agree it's perfect for a honeymoon when two people want to be alone—with only the sighing of the sea as a reminder of the world outside. . . .

END

Brigitte will soon appear in **THE WOMAN AND THE PUPPET** for United Artists.

Liz Taylor

(Continued from page 51) The Academy Award, after all, is not a popularity prize. There are popularity prizes—and Elizabeth has already lost at least one that was

going to be hers—the Star of the Year award that went to Deborah Kerr instead. Quite rightly, too. There's no reason why Elizabeth Taylor should get an award this year for simply being loved.

But there's also no reason why she should be denied one for being the year's

best actress, if she is the year's best actress. Because that is what the Academy Award is all about—acting. Supposedly, nothing that happens off screen has any influence at all—the only thing that counts is that black-and-white image on the screen, making you laugh or cry, making you believe in someone who isn't the actress herself, but a character in a script.

The one who does that best, gets the Oscar. That's the way it is meant to be.

Only, of course, it isn't always.

The people who vote in the Academy balloting, who nominate the stars and choose the best from among them, are people like us—people with hearts and feelings.

You can remember another case, can't you? A case where a woman we had loved very much did something wrong—Ingrid Bergman. Our reaction was to banish her and her talent from our country. We denied ourselves, for years, the pleasure of watching her act. We denied ourselves something even more important: the privilege of forgiving.

'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord. Not ours, but His. The Bible tells us that. People who do something morally wrong are usually punished without our help—by their consciences, by their injured lives, by the way things turn out in the end. Ingrid Bergman paid by the loss of her daughter's childhood, by the end of her second marriage. Elizabeth Taylor has made her first down payment already in the loss of your love and respect—the most important things a movie star can possess.

She said something else, too, in the days of bitterness that followed the revelation of her love for Eddie Fisher. "I just hope," said Elizabeth, "that all the people in Hollywood who are sitting in judgment on me now all look at themselves in the mirror, too. I don't think anyone is perfect."

Angry words. Perhaps it wasn't her place to say them. But almost two thousand years ago, they were said by someone else, who spoke not in anger, but in love: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Those last are good words to remember while we ask you to do this difficult thing—to sign your name to the letter printed below, the letter asking the Academy Awards committee to judge Liz Taylor by her acting only—and mail it to us so that we can forward it. We know your hearts aren't in it, because principles are sometimes so hard to live up to.

It might make it easier for you to do it if you've seen Elizabeth in MGM's *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof*. We're not the judges of the Academy Awards—her own colleagues

are. We don't presume to say that she absolutely *should* have the Oscar for it. But we have seen the movie and we believe that she did a magnificent job in a difficult role—and that if she is not even *nominated* for the award, it cannot be her acting that is at fault. If you want to see the movie before mailing in the letter, please hurry. The Academy Awards themselves will not be announced until the telecast on April 6, 1959, but nominations are closed February 23.

It might make it easier for you to do it if you remember certain things:

That Elizabeth Taylor, when she fell in love with a married man, had just recovered from a terrible emotional experience, that a heart as badly torn as hers had been is not entirely responsible for itself—too ready to grasp at anything that promises healing and happiness again. It might help to remember that Elizabeth and Eddie may be married by the time you read this—if the rumored plans for a quick divorce in Mexico are carried out. We don't say that that makes everything all right—far from it. But at least it will mean that this storm that destroyed a home was not raised by a casual affection but by a love that may still be turned into something stable, something solid, something in its own way good.

And it may help, too, to remember that this is not the first time such a thing has happened. We live, like it or not, in an age of divorce, of broken homes. There have been other such cases in Hollywood—and much less talk, much less punishment for the people involved.

Most of all it may help to remember these words, spoken bravely by a girl who has no need to be so generous, so just: "As far as an Academy Award is concerned, I think if Elizabeth Taylor gave the best performance of the year, she should win the Oscar no matter what happened in her private life. If she deserves the Oscar, she should win it. I don't believe the personal life of an actress should influence the Academy vote. It would not be fair otherwise."

Those words were spoken, of course, by Debbie Reynolds. If they make it easier for you to do what we know is right, to sign that letter, to say loud and clear that *you*, the movie fans, the most important people in the world of motion pictures, believe that Elizabeth Taylor should be judged in this case only for her acting—then remember them while you do it.

But if none of these reasons helps at all, if your heart is entirely untouched—then do it for a better reason.

Do it because you believe in something. Do it for justice.

END

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what have I done?

(Continued from page 33) a big, strapping Texan—a junior, at that—and I fell hook, line and sinker for his easygoing southern manner.

He liked me too, right off, and we started going out on Coke dates and long walks and Sunday rides. But soon enough, I realized Chuckie wasn't turning out the way I expected. He was soft-spoken, yes, and I had taken for granted that he was sensitive. But he wasn't. Me, I loved the smell of the earth after a rain; but it did nothing to him. I'd look at a sunset and sigh over God's beauty, and he'd look at me as if I were sick. Or, I'd stop and listen to a bird sing, and for all he cared, it could have been a cow mooing.

On Saturday night we'd go to the movies. Naturally, I was dying to see some special movie with Cary Grant or Alec Guinness or Doris Day. What did Chuckie want to go to? Some jungle picture.

But strangely enough, if I wasn't with Chuckie I was unhappy. Still, I was unhappy when we were together. Does that make sense?

Chuckie, good and bad

You see, Jeannie, I fell in love with him purely on physical attraction which is meaningless because love can't thrive from the outside. But I couldn't help myself. Boorish or not, Chuckie was magnetic. He was tall, over six feet tall, with honeyblond hair and a soft southern drawl that sent chills up my spine.

I tried to make him change, to teach him manners, but no dice. We always ended up fighting, and I'd lose sleep after every date, recounting all the awful things we said. I guess we were a pretty sad pair, considering the way we got along, but what could we do? We both had this fatal attraction for one another. I was the only gal in his life, he told me, and this pleased me, naturally. Southern men have a way of placing their women on pedestals, and I doubt if there's a woman in the world who doesn't love this. But every time we dated, he'd insist on seeing some savage film or telling me yuk-yuk jokes or going into stupid detail about some cornball mystery story he'd read.

After Christmas—it was either late January or early February—I was making some pin-money modeling at the Blackstone Hotel during my off-hours from school, and one of the models introduced me to Lee, a short, nice, dark-haired guy. Lee was an Ivy Leaguer in a training squad at Marshall Field's department store, and he was assisting with the fashion shows at the Blackstone. Lee's father was a well-known scientist, and Lee'd been brought up in high society so his manners were perfect. No, he wasn't as handsome as Chuckie but I loved his politeness. He was attentive, always opening doors and helping me with my coat or offering me his hand when I stepped onto the platform to model. I dated him and decided he was the perfect escort. If I wanted to see Anna Magnani in an Italian art film, he never nagged or moaned the way Chuckie did. He'd say, "Great idea!" And before I knew it I was watching Anna emote on the silver screen.

My mother met him and loved his manners. I decided one day that Lee was my Mr. Right. I told him I loved him.

But, with Lee there was no wild attraction, none of that electric charge I felt with Chuckie.

Also—boorish or not—Chuckie was more fun. Lee, for instance, had an up-to-date sports car with all the trimmings; Chuckie had an old, broken down jalopy from the thirties that was more trouble than it was

worth. But I always had a good time when I went riding in Chuckie's tin Lizzie. We'd do crazy things like honking our horn after a basketball game or go riding out to Northwestern for a fraternity party, wearing crazy hats with false noses. Every time I went riding in Lee's new car we were so sedate I'd get sleepy and sometimes—I hate to say it—bored.

Kim's wrong move

But I told Lee, in a rash moment, I'd marry him. I loved his breeding, the way he stood up when a girl entered a room. He had poise. Isn't it better, I told myself, to love someone's niceness than to love someone's appearance and always be aggravated by boorish comments and a lack of manners?

My heart was like a pendulum on a grandfather's clock: tick-tock, tick-tock—rocking from side to side. Do you see my problem? I loved the personal attentions and the refinement of Lee; all that appealed to the simple peasant girl in me. But Chuckie's manliness and good looks appealed to the woman in me.

What to do? I decided to let my moods rule me. I was so impetuous then. I remember if I came home from shopping with a dress, I'd race to my room and put it on and parade all over the house, jumping up and down, yelling, "Look! See my new dress, see my; new dress!"

So I'd date Chuckie or Lee, depending on my mood of the moment. By the end of the school year I was in a predicament. Lee asked his parents to come to Chicago from Milwaukee to see me, and he told me he would give me an engagement ring then. Chuckie decided not to go home that summer. He was going to work at a gas station so he could be with me through the school vacation. Chuckie wanted me to have his fraternity pin—and insisted I take it. Not knowing how to say no for fear I'd hurt him, I accepted it.

So I was pinned to one guy and ready to receive an engagement ring from another. What saved me? My career, luckily. Peggy, a girlfriend of mine, and I got modeling jobs out of town. We were booked for a couple of weeks in New York and San Francisco, and Peggy's mom agreed to chaperone us. We flew to San Francisco, and we decided to visit Los Angeles while we were in California, and that's when I got my lucky break. I was signed to a Hollywood contract.

I have thanked God in my prayers for saving me from that entanglement of love. What kind of marriage would it have been if I married Lee? After all, I had told him I would.

I was wrong, Jeannie—all the way down the line. I wasn't fair to Lee, and I certainly wasn't fair to Chuckie. I was looking for some kind of in-between happiness, and, now that I've grown older, I've decided there isn't such a thing as halfway love. You, Jeannie—and I, too—were not afraid of love. We're love people. We need it. But maybe we've been greedy. I know I was. I was in love with both guys—halfway—and that isn't real love.

I had attractions for them. Chuckie attracted me physically, and Lee attracted me with his polite ways. Do you think this might be your dilemma, that you're suffering from attractions and not love? Because when it's love, Jeannie, you play for high stakes. You give all of yourself and get complete love in return.

Love is like a garden. There are so many essences. Take a rose, a sweet-smelling American Beauty rose. It's fragrant, yes; but it's not the most beautiful flower—to my eyes, at least. The prettiest flower to me is the violet, but, then, a violet has no scent. So the same is true of love. It's not fair to expect everything.

Do you know what I mean? Like bees jumping from flower to flower, we run looking for the supreme nectar, but once we find it, we mustn't expect it to have all the properties of the other nectars. It is supreme for what it is, not what it should be. I wish everyone would make one resolution for the New Year: to love people for what they are, not for what they would like them to be.

Jeannie, you must make up your mind. Choices are often difficult to make, but they give us character. Maybe neither

of these boys is right for you. Maybe one of them is. Decide, and abide by your decision, and, believe me, you'll be a new person when you have one love to give all of yourself to.

Otherwise, your love will never reach full bloom.

Yours,
Kim
END

You can see Kim in Columbia's BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE.

how to tear apart a little boy

(Continued from page 54) She had sent him to the boarding school two and a half years earlier, she said, because he hadn't been doing too well at the public school he'd been attending. She added that she had chosen one of the finest boarding schools in the West. She added, too, that she had talked over the choice with Luft, that he had been pleased with the choice at first—"so pleased that he convinced Miss Garland to send her oldest daughter, Liza, there . . . which she did . . . and which school the girl is still attending."

And, Lynn had concluded, Johnny was far from an unhappy boy. He liked his school—the friends he'd made there, the teachers, the athletic coaches. He also liked the fact, she'd said, that he was able to come home week ends and holidays and spend those days with her and her husband.

If she had thought, she has since said, that the judge's verdict would have been anything but in her favor, she would have gone on and charged Luft with having been totally unconcerned about Johnny's welfare up until now. "In ten years," she has said, "he has barely gone out of his way to see, write to or inquire about his son, let alone keep up with proper payments for his son's support!" And she would have asked him why this very sudden interest in his son's welfare, and demanded a satisfactory answer. "Just a month earlier," she has said, "he stood before this same judge and asked to have his support payments lowered, a request that was denied. And now he stood there, a month later, asking for complete custody of the boy."

But Lynn was not worried.

The judge, she figured, had heard both sides of the story and she was sure that his decision would favor only her side.

True, the court hadn't asked to have Johnny come along and tell which parent he preferred to be entrusted to.

True, the court hadn't seemed concerned that Luft's present wife—Judy Garland—hadn't bothered coming to the courthouse this day, a very important day in the life of a certain ten-year-old boy, a boy to whom she might conceivably end up being a mother.

And true, Lynn had become very nervous at one point and begun to shout and the judge had looked over at Luft and nodded and said it was easy to tell which parent was the calmer parent—or words to that effect.

But, still, Lynn was not worried.

And it was with shock and pain and a now speechless fury that she stood in front of the bench of justice a few moments later and heard the judge say:

"I don't believe the school exists that can take the place of the twenty-four-hour-a-day inspired care that can be given by a devoted parent. I am convinced that this mother would prefer to be relieved of the care and responsibility of this child. I therefore award him forthwith to the custody of his natural father."

A long and sleepless night behind her, Lynn drove out to Johnny's school early the next morning, to tell him as best she could what had happened.

When she arrived, she was met by the boy's housemother.

"Aren't you going to fight to get your son back?" the woman asked.

Lynn was still too stunned to think clearly. "Can I?" she asked, her voice tense, broken. "What is, is the decision of a court of law. In the books of law, I'm wrong. In the black and white of those books, I've been a bad mother these ten years. Can I fight what the law now says? . . . I don't know."

She asked to see Johnny.

He was in the dining room having his breakfast with the other children, the housemother said. "Why don't you go to his room," she said, "and I'll have him come up to you as soon as he's finished?"

"I think it's a shame," the housemother went on. "And I hate to see him leave here. He's such a good, happy boy and he's been doing so well in his studies."

Lynn nodded and began to walk toward the dormitory where Johnny had his room.

When Lynn got to Johnny's room, she sat on his bed to wait for him.

Then, about ten minutes later, she could hear him running down the hallway.

The door opened and he stood there—a small, bright-eyed, good-looking lad.

"Mom," he called out, rushing to hug her, laughing, "what are you doing here, anyhow? Today's Friday and you're not supposed to come pick me up till tomorrow!"

"I know," Lynn said. "I know. . . . But something has happened."

"Nothing's wrong with Daddy Rick, is there?" the boy asked, referring to Lynn's present husband, Dr. Rickles.

"No," Lynn said.

"And you're okay?" the boy asked.

"I'm . . . okay," Lynn said.

Slowly, she told him about the judge and what he'd said, about the trial of the day before and how it had ended.

When she was through, Johnny took hold of her hand.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Aren't you gonna be my Mom anymore?"

"Of course I am," Lynn said, forcing a smile, "I'm always going to be your Mom. I may not see you so much anymore, Johnny, but I'll still be your Mom."

"And my school," Johnny said, "—do I have to leave here, too?"

Lynn nodded. "Your father will put you in another school—" she started to say.

The boy began to cry. "But I don't want to leave here," he said. "What's gonna happen to Rusty and Phillip if I leave them, Mom? They're my best friends. You know that. . . . And what are my teachers gonna think, with me running out on them?" He let go of Lynn's hand, rushed over to his dresser, picked up a fountain pen and rushed back. "Look, Mommy, this is what one of the teachers gave me yesterday," he



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said, "a pen with my name printed on it. For being good in arithmetic. For—"

He shook his head.

"Mom," he said, "I don't want to leave you or here or anything!"

Lynn wiped his eyes with a handkerchief and explained that he *had* to leave. His father had wanted it that way, she said. The judge had agreed with his father.

"It's the law," she said, shivering at the phrase.

Then she dropped the handkerchief and took her son in her arms.

"But for now," she said, trying her best to sound cheerful, to fight back the tears she'd promised herself she would hide from her son, "for now let's not worry about the law, about how we feel right now. Let's go, you and me, together, and say good-bye to everybody here. And then we'll come back upstairs, you and I, and we'll pack your things. And then we'll go home, for another week end, the two of us and Rick. And then on Monday morning . . . on Monday morning . . ."

"Is that when I've got to leave you, Mom?" Johnny asked.

Lynn took a deep breath and nodded and turned her face away.

"Hey, Mom . . . hey, Mom . . . don't cry like that . . . please," he said.

He picked up the handkerchief Lynn had dropped.

"Mom," he said, bringing it to her eyes now, "please . . . Mom . . . please . . ."

Lynn and her husband tried to make Johnny's last week end with them a happy one.

"It was hard," Lynn has said, "my heart was breaking inside me, and Rick—who has always adored Johnny—was terribly sad, too. But we tried not to show it. We never mentioned Monday and what would happen then—not Rick, not Johnny, not I. Instead we got up early Saturday and spent the day at the Beverly Hills Club and all played tennis and had lunch. That night we went to a movie. . . . Then the next day, Sunday, we took a drive in the apartment and I prepared dinner. I made all of Johnny's favorites—the meat he liked best, the potatoes the way he liked them, an ice cream sundae with the chocolate syrup and the marshmallows and the chopped nuts and the cherry on top, just the way he had always liked it. We had an awful lot of fun at dinner, laughing, talking—almost forgetting about what had happened and what was going to happen.

"After dinner, though, the day seemed to slow down. We went into the living room and watched television for a couple of hours. And then, before we knew it, it was nighttime. I made a light supper. Then I could see Johnny was tired. And I told him it was time to get ready for bed.

"He was in bed a little while later, ready to be tucked in, when I went into his room to say good night. I noticed, as I walked in, that he was looking around the room, almost as though he were seeing it for the first time. The apartment Rick and I live in is a very simple one. And Johnny's room was very simple, too—with red Early American wallpaper, rock maple furniture and plain twin beds.

"But it must have been very beautiful to Johnny at that moment, because he said suddenly, 'Gee, Mom, this is a knockout room. I love it.'

"I smiled. I said that I was glad. I kissed him and whispered good night. I hoped as I turned off the light that he wouldn't say anything more—not now, not right now.

"But he did.

"'And I love you, Mom, so much,' I heard my little boy's voice call out to me in the dark. . . ."

The following morning, Lynn and her

husband drove Johnny to super-swank Bel Air and the mansion where his father and Judy Garland lived.

Lynn hadn't planned to go inside the house. This would be by far the most difficult moment of her life, she knew, and she'd wanted to get it over with as quickly, as painlessly as possible . . . right there in the car . . . a kiss, a hug, a good-bye, and nothing more.

But now that the moment had come, she couldn't go through with it.

My son isn't a package to be left off at the door like this, she thought, her mind suddenly filled with new thoughts. *And I should see Judy, talk to her for a while, tell her things about Johnny. Like his asthma shots. He's got to go to the doctor's for his shots twice a week. And like her shoeboxes—not to mind if she finds some of her shoeboxes missing one day because Johnny has always liked to make model houses out of them. And—*

She looked down at her son.

He was nervous, she could see; he was looking up at her, nervous and unsmiling and silently pleading with her to stay with him a few more minutes.

She took his hand.

"Come on, Johnny," she said, "say good-bye to Daddy Rick and let's you and I go inside. . . ."

They were met at the door by a maid.

"Mr. Luft isn't in right now," she said, reaching to take Johnny's suitcase from Lynn.

"I see," Lynn said. Then she asked, "May I see Miss Garland?"

"She isn't up," the maid said.

"Didn't she know my boy was coming this morning—to live with her and Mr. Luft?" Lynn asked.

The maid said nothing.

Lynn looked down at Johnny again. It was time to go. She knew that now. It was time to go, and go fast.

She bent to kiss her son.

"Good-bye," she said, simply.

She turned to leave.

"Mommy," Johnny cried out, "—are you sure I have to stay here?"

Lynn nodded. Without turning back to look at him she said, "Yes, darling. But I'll see you again. Don't you worry."

"When am I going to see you, Mom?" Johnny asked. He ran forward and grabbed Lynn's coat and clutched it.

In one violent motion, Lynn, unable to answer him, knowing there was no answer she could give her confused and heartbroken little boy, took a few steps away from him, and then—her legs weak and heavy, her heart beating so hard it pushed against her chest, causing her to gasp, like a woman drowning, like a woman suddenly near death—she began to run back to the car. . . .

"I was sitting in the apartment the next night when the phone rang," Lynn has said. "My husband was with me. He answered it. Then he smiled and turned to me and said it was Johnny. I grabbed the phone. But before I could say anything more than hello, I heard my son's voice say, 'I'm so lonely, Mom.'

"What's the matter, Johnny?" I asked.

"He told me that Judy and his father had left for Las Vegas that day, that Judy had a singing engagement there, that they'd be gone for a few weeks.

"Who's with you, now?" I asked Johnny.

"Just the maids," Johnny said.

"I tried to talk him into the fact that everything was going to be all right. I told him to do his homework and then watch some television and then, when he got tired, to go to bed.

"Can you and Daddy Rick come over and watch TV with me at least?" he asked. "I miss you both. And I miss Rusty and Phillip and everybody at school. And I thought that at least maybe you and

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Daddy Rick could come over and stay with me for a while.'

"I told him no, that we couldn't, that we weren't allowed to do anything like that.

"Johnny began to cry.

"He cried so hard that after a while he couldn't talk anymore and he hung up.

"I didn't know what to do now.

"I wanted desperately to drive out to Bel Air and pick Johnny up and bring him back home with me and Rick.

"But no,' I kept telling myself, 'I can't do that. The court's decision has taken care of that.'

"I had to talk to Johnny again.

"I phoned back.

"I waited for the click, and Johnny's voice.

"But instead a maid answered.

"I asked to speak to my son.

"Is this Mrs. Rickles?' the maid asked.

"I said yes, it was.

"I'm sorry,' she said, 'but the boy can't talk to you.'

"I told her that we'd been talking together only a few minutes earlier.

"The maid was blunt. 'I have orders,' she said, 'that no calls from you can be put through to the boy—and that he must not call you.'

"What was that?' I asked.

"I have my orders,' the maid said. 'I'm sorry, ma'am—truly I am. But that's the way it's got to be.'

"A few moments later, she hung up.

"And I stood there now, shocked. And suddenly it came to me . . . that I had made a horrible mistake by letting my son be taken away from me; that the home he'd been sent to was no home for him, no home at all; that I had to rectify the mistake I'd made in letting him be taken away from me and the way of life that he loved and was happy in; that I

had to do everything in my power to get him back. . . ."

The courtroom was crowded.

It was a month since the original ruling on Johnny had been handed down, and Lynn had now succeeded in getting that ruling reviewed.

And the spectators came out in droves to see what would happen next.

"Good luck," a group of them called out to Lynn as she arrived with her husband.

Lynn, obviously nervous, tried to smile and thank them.

A few minutes later, Luft entered.

There was a murmur among the crowd.

It had been announced that Lynn's lawyers had subpoenaed Judy Garland to accompany him and answer some questions.

But Luft had arrived alone.

Lynn's lawyers walked over to him and asked about his wife.

Judy would be along in a little while, Luft said.

He suggested that since she was only a witness, the trial proceed without her. . . .

For a little over an hour, both sides stated their cases.

Luft, relaxed-looking, his voice calm and steady, told the court that his son was very happy in his new home, that he and Judy loved the boy very much, and that he was sure Johnny loved them.

When Lynn took the stand a little while later, she told a different story.

She told about the home in which Johnny was living, and questioned the fact that it was an ideal home for a little boy.

"I hardly ever see my father," she quoted her son as saying. "And even though Judy's back from Las Vegas now, she never gets up until the middle of the afternoon. And then she usually goes out

to some appointments and then to dinner."

Lynn reminded the court that a month ago it had taken her son away from her in order that he might live in a 'stable' home. She contended now that neither Luft nor Judy could exactly be considered stable types since at least twice in the past three years they had been on the well-publicized and rather violent brink of divorce.

She was in the midst of talking further about this phase of her plea when suddenly—seventy-five minutes after the beginning of the trial—Judy Garland entered the courtroom.

Lynn's lawyer requested that Lynn leave the stand and that Judy take her place.

He indicated that he would take it from here.

Facing Judy now, he talked about the divorce actions Lynn had mentioned.

The first action, he said, though eventually dropped by mutual consent, had been initiated on February 3, 1956, by Judy.

"Is that right, Miss Garland?" he asked. Judy nodded.

The second action, he went on, though again mutually dropped, had been initiated just six months ago—in March, 1958—again by Judy.

He read aloud from the papers she had drawn up at the time.

The gist of her complaint had been that Luft had beat her and tried to strangle her. The complaint had also asked that Luft be evicted from their home and that he be restrained from taking their children, Lorna, five, and Joseph, three, out of California.

"Miss Garland," the lawyer then asked, "would you say your husband was a man of even and mild temper, or of violent and ungovernable temper?"

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

2. I LIKE DIANE JERGENS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

3. I LIKE PETER BROWN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

- ☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

5. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

6. I LIKE PHIL EVERLY:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

7. I LIKE PATTI PAGE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

- ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

- ☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

8. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

9. I LIKED TYRONE POWER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 was not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

(see other side)

"Pretty even-tempered," Judy replied. Pointing to the divorce action he had just read from, the lawyer asked, "Has Mr. Luft ever attempted to strangle you?"

"No," Judy replied, in a low voice. "Did he ever beat you?" the lawyer asked.

"No," Judy said. Again, there was a murmur from the packed courtroom.

And then, a few minutes later, Judy was excused from the stand and Lynn's lawyers rested their case.

It was five hours later, though, when the case was finally over—or seemed to be over.

The judge, who'd just talked to the lawyers from both sides—who, in turn, had been talking together these past five hours—called Lynn and Luft to the bench.

"It has been decided," he said, "that John Luft is no longer in complete custody of his father—"

Lynn began to smile. "But," the judge went on, "that from this day on, his mother shall have the opportunity of visiting the boy two days a week, and having him on alternate week ends and for half of his Christmas vacation."

Slowly, Lynn's face paled. She opened her mouth as if to say something. But no words came.

For a moment she stood there, tense, motionless, staring straight ahead.

And then, she began to shake her head and she said:

"I'm not going to accept this . . . My son is my life . . . For ten years I've been his mother . . . I took care of him all the times he was sick. I was there when he began to walk, to talk, when he learned his prayers, when he got hurt and needed somebody to console him and kiss away the hurt. I've been everything to him

and he's been everything to me . . . And I want him back, all the way . . . Do you hear? . . . All the way!"

It was two days after this second trial when Lynn drove over to Johnny's new school, sneaked in and had a talk with her son.

"I didn't tell him anything about the trial," she has said, "except to say that there had been one, and then when the trial seemed to be over, the judge had been good enough to continue it."

"What does that mean, Mommy?" Johnny asked me.

"It meant, I told him, that the judge would give me another chance to get him back."

"When?" Johnny asked me.

"In a couple of weeks," I told him.

"Will you have to go back to that courthouse again?" Johnny asked me.

"Yes, I told him."

"Then, Mom," he said, "maybe you should have this."

"He reached into his pocket for something and he put it into my hand."

"I looked down."

"It was a tiny bear, the size of a charm, made of glass."

"I went to the store the other day and bought it with part of my allowance," Johnny said. "I've been holding it for good luck. But I think now maybe you should have it, Mom."

"I clenched my fingers around the little bear."

"Thank you, Johnny," I said.

"He's a very nice bear," my boy said. "But there's one thing you should know about him, Mom. You have to rub your thumb on his tummy and wish on him very hard if you wanna make your wish come true."

"I smiled."

"I'll wish very hard, Johnny," I promised. "I'll rub my thumb on his tummy just like you said, Johnny, and I'll wish very, very hard. . . ."

The final trial took place two weeks later.

Lynn was hopeful. The judge had had a long talk with Johnny the day before—and there was hope in that alone.

But, still, Lynn had had other hopes and lost. And so, unsure, too, she clutched at the little glass bear Johnny had given her as the judge called her and Luft to his bench for that last time.

She listened carefully as he spoke:

"Whereas two months ago, young John Luft was a healthy, happy, well-adjusted boy . . . the court cannot escape the conclusion from the evidence before it and from conversation with the boy, that he is now lonesome, confused and unhappy in a household where to substantially all its members he is a stepchild. . . ."

The judge went on to say that he was returning Johnny to Lynn. Moreover, the judge said, the boy would finish his term at the school Luft had enrolled him in and then return to the school he had originally attended.

The judge added that Luft would have rights to see the boy alternate weekends and for part of every summer.

But, he made it clear, Johnny was being given back to his mother. . . .

The courtroom crowd applauded the decision.

Lynn, too, moved to talk right now, now that it was all over, could only look up at the judge and whisper, "Thank you. . . ."

And then, the tears streaming down her cheeks, she turned and headed for a room where her son sat waiting—to tell him the wonderful news, that everything was going to be all right again, and for all time.

END

9. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

10. I LIKE JUDY GARLAND:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE LYNN BARI:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

11. I LIKE CARY GRANT:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I LIKE BETSY DRAKE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

12. I LIKE ANNA KASHFI:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

- ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

13. I LIKE CONNIE STEVENS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

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